

# COUNTRY LIFE

## ILLUSTRATED.

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Photo. by J. THOMSON.

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## PHEASANT HATCHING.

OUR illustrations, one and all, represent phases in the life of the pheasant—in embryo and as a chick—concerning which a good deal of misconception still prevails in the mind of the Cockney journalist. Many of that versatile writer's traditional errors have been extirpated by unsparing ridicule. For example, it is some years since I have come across articles discoursing on covert shooting in early October, and writers on that subject have, for the most part, ceased to cull their phrases from the works of Mayne Reid and Ferimore Cooper, and to apply to English woods and the birds therein language which was quite appropriate to the backwoods of Western America or to the swamps of Louisiana. Pheasants are not shot with rifles even in the newspapers now. Misconceptions, however, still prevail concerning hand-reared pheasants, and an autumn rarely passes but that some writer holds forth upon the iniquity and the cruelty of "so-called sportsmen who butcher flocks of tame pheasants driven to the muzzle of the gun."

Our friend "Gaiters"—the pet name which Tom Brown applied to the Rugby Squire's keeper always seems to me the best and the most friendly—could set right on this point the writers who shoot with pen only, and within the sound of Bow Bells. Roughly, his argument would be that the results of hand-rearing are pheasants at least four times as numerous as those which come from leaving the wild birds to themselves and Nature, and that the birds so raised are as wary and cunning, and as true to the instincts of the Phasianidæ, as the wild birds themselves. His argument is strictly just. The expression "Nature," unfortunately for the game preserver, includes man, and man, at all



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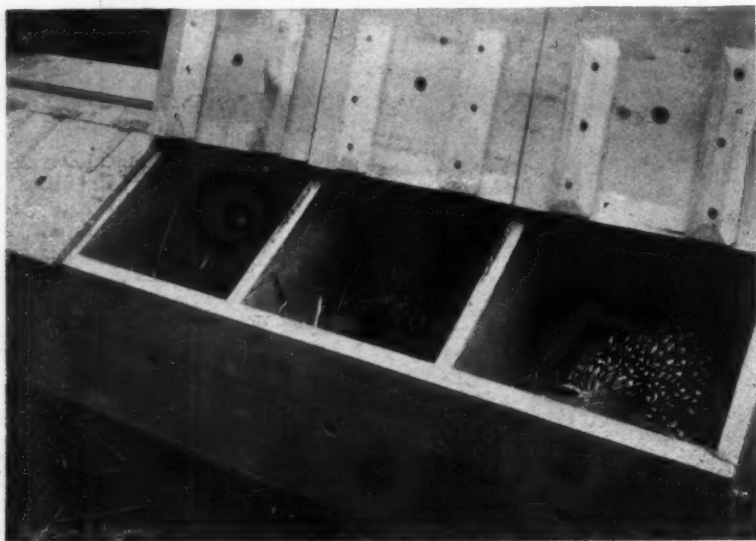
EASY TO DISCOVER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

ages, is apt to develop predatory tastes in connection with pheasants' eggs. Curiously enough, the birds, when the nesting season is to the fore, seem to lose much of their habitual wariness. Since the 1st of February they have been petted by the gamekeeper, and have been harassed little by the poacher.

They are apt to choose for the site of the nursery the bank of an open hedgerow, the side of a railway embankment, the edge of a country lane. The eggs are ridiculously EASY TO DISCOVER, and they lie under the very eyes of children who roam the fields, of agricultural labourers, of professional eggstealers, and of platelayers and navvies—and these last named are among the most persistent poachers in the world. The eggs are also remarkably good to eat, and they command an easy sale not only in towns, from which the dealers distribute them, but also in the neighbourhood in which they are stolen. For this landowners, or more accurately their head keepers, are in some measure to blame. When "Gaiters" is accosted by an obsequious hind who brings him a dozen of the creamy-brown eggs he is ready enough to pay the customary fee of the district and to ask no questions. He may be buying his master's eggs—he hopes he is buying his neighbour's; and at any rate he gets the eggs, which is the main point. Moreover, "Gaiters" knows very well that if he did not buy, his rival, "Velveteens," would surely do so, for, though there is *cameraderie* between keepers in the matter of hunting poachers, there is not a particle of *esprit de corps* among them in the matter of pheasants' eggs.

Apart from the risks which the eggs run if left to Nature, there are other and excellent reasons for hand-rearing and hatching under the farmyard fowl. The hen pheasant, either in the woods or in the pheasantry, is a far better laying machine than she is mother, and the more regularly she is robbed the more she lays. So the rule is to collect as many eggs as possible, and the maxim followed is as old as Horace: "Recte si possis, si non quocunque modo." Gather your own eggs first, and do not be inquisitive as to the origin of others that reach you. Having gathered them, place them under broody hens—Sussex Dorkings for choice—in HATCHING BOXES designed as shown in the picture. Twenty hens in their boxes take less watching than one pheasant hen in the open, and by tethering them when they are let out for their food in the morning, you may keep them under complete control. Moreover, when the chicks are hatched they are ready to the hand of their guardian. Before they have committed suicide in any of the ways which the young pheasant knows too well, they may be removed, foster-mothers and broods together, to the dry grass field by the coppice in which long lanes have been mown, placed at convenient distances with the FOSTER-MOTHERS in their separate coops, and watched and cherished assiduously. The "gapes" and other ailments will cause trouble, of course, but the chicks will not wander far from the foster-mothers, who cannot wander at all, and the eye of the watcher will be on the look-out for marauding



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birds of prey. Of such birds, in my experience, the sparrow-hawk is the most dashing and conspicuous, but the jackdaw, whose name is legion, is the most destructive. Watch him any day against the clear sky and you will see that he has the true flight of the bird of prey, and that he hovers and stoops to his quarry like a very hawk.

The little birds will grow wild enough, never fear. True it is that, even when they are well grown, they will flock round the accustomed feeding spot when they hear the keeper's whistle; true also that, until the shooting season is upon them, they will walk proudly over the grass in the park and obstruct the carriage-way with an air of absolute security which makes it hard for the ignorant to believe that they can ever be wild. But when the leaves are grown yellow and have begun to fall, when once they have heard the sound of Schultz or E. C., and passed through their baptism of fire, they become literally new birds and as wild as possible.

Yet the Cockney is still unconvinced. Ignorant of the science of "driving," which Mr. Stuart Wortley has expounded perhaps better than any man, the Cockney perceives that the birds have to be driven up to the gun, and that they are not forced to rise without difficulty. That, if our friend would but believe us, is the nature of pheasants—wild and hand-reared—all the world over. They seek safety first in running or in crouching in covert among the dead leaves and the bracken. To fly away is their last and most desperate resource. But when they do take to their wings, especially if the drive has been skilfully planned so that high and difficult shots may be presented to the gun, they go fast enough to satisfy anybody, and the most expert naturalist and sportsman can see no difference whatsoever between the flight of the hand-reared and the wild-reared bird. Of each and all it will be found that the saying of "Gaiters" is absolutely true: "There is a great deal of room round them, sir."

AUCEPS.

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## EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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## COUNTRY NOTES.

ALTHOUGH no phenomenally high temperatures have been reached, we have been favoured with a week of glorious sunshine, from early morning till sundown brilliant cloudless skies having been almost universal, and this year the saying, that "it always rains at Henley," has been falsified, as the weather during the fixture was perfect for an aquatic picnic. Following a slight depression in the barometer readings (to 29.55 in.), the much needed rain is reported to have fallen in some places, but the showers have been limited both in area and extent.

As might be expected, the long continued sunshine has been of immense benefit to the rapidly ripening crops. The "whirr" of the reaping machine is already to be heard in the land, as in most of the southern counties the cutting of oats and barley commenced last week. If there is in the immediate future no rainfall sufficiently heavy to do damage, of which at present there is happily no indication, the crops will probably be very good, although by no means record ones as regards quantity. The beautiful scarlet poppy, "the red-blossomed poppy that grows in the wheat" of modern poetry, the *soporiferum papaver* of the classics, is just now very much in evidence in field and market garden alike, and, although it has been "improved" by cultivation, it is to be doubted whether there is a gayer or more beautiful simple flower to be found. Its presence may not be the most convincing evidence of good husbandry, but it is very beautiful for all that, and adds much to the gaiety of the summer landscape by the brilliant splashes of colour with which it enlivens our fields.

A *propos* of the general scepticism concerning diviners and divining rods in their search after water, referred to in last week's notes, it may also be observed that of similar quality perhaps is our faith in weather forecasters, though this is a business that seems to have less of the miraculous. An evil forecast, on a fine seeming day, may affect us so far as to make us take out an umbrella, but will hardly persuade us to burden ourselves with a macintosh. So deep, or so light—at all events so illogical—are our faiths. There are those who put monstrous faith in the old women's signs—the cow rubbing its tail against a tree, which so troubled Sir Isaac Newton, the intonation of the green woodpecker's cry, or the low flying of the swallows and the swifts. The tail of the cow we may leave, and whoso can find any variety in that unmusical though pleasant laugh of the woodpecker must have ears as

sensitive as the soles of the diviner's feet; but for the swallows and swifts there is more to say. Their attitude is, no doubt, affected by the flight of the winged insect host, and this again is affected by conditions of the atmosphere; and when all insects are flying low the conditions are such that rain is imminent, whether it actually falls or no. But it needs to distinguish. Not every time that a swallow scuds low are these conditions prevalent. The birds fly low over grass often, especially over newly-mown grass, for the insects rising but a little height above it.

Similarly on an open common all swallows, and swifts more especially, will fly low down over the head of any moving man or beast who may be stirring the insects from the ground, and especially over water, in a rise of ephemeridæ, these insect feeders will swoop close down to the water's surface picking up a fat meal. But this, after all, "has no influence on the weather," as a certain person, to whom an Irish origin is credited, put it. It only shows that a certain portion of insect life is moving at these low altitudes. But above, high in the blue heaven, you may still see the swallow host coursing, lowest, perhaps, the martins, sand martins below the house martins, the swallows probably above them, and the swifts almost certainly highest of all, as if they, the swiftest of the insect feeders, were after the most strong and high-flying quarry. In the evening they all come lower, led by the insects, and the swifts come screeching about the house-tops till it is time to go to bed.

This tendency of insect-feeding birds to come down from great altitudes attained in the afternoon to low scudding flight in the evening is best of all shown by that little mosquito hawk, which the Virginians strangely call "bat," though it has no likeness to the creature they distinguish as the "leather-winged bat," and is, in fact, very like a night-jar. It is a day-flier, however, and in the high afternoon a long-sighted person will scarcely distinguish them as tiny dots coursing about in the upper air. As the sun begins to get lower so the insects come down, and so, too, the "bats" follow them, until about five o'clock tea time, if there were such a meal in Virginia, they are down within gunshot. And very pretty shooting they make, as they dart and stop and turn after the insects with swallow-like quickness.

The practised Virginian gunner will kill them time after time, knowing their flight well enough to be able to take it at the stopping, turning moment, but the unpractised Englishman, even though he may pride himself on his snipe shooting at home, will be defeated by them again and again, until he catches the knack. It is no useless slaughter, for the "bat," tiny bird though he is when stripped of his unduly long wings, is the most succulent morsel that can be eaten, and his excellence has tempted the writer to a desire to try an English night-jar, which was only balked by the opposition of the cook, who threatened resignation in preference to cooking a creature with such a mouth. Perhaps she was right, but her objections do not disprove the excellence of the Virginian bird. Just as the sun goes down the "bats" begin to fly too low for safe shooting among the loafing niggers that are sure to collect at the sound of your gun. Now and then these spectators are useful, for a hat thrown up, on the "Bat, bat, come under my hat" principle, will bring a high-flying one swooping down to look at it. But there is no twilight to speak of—the sun goes down like the shutter over an instantaneous plate, and there is no more shooting.

There are many of the regular Newmarket *habitués* who regret that the old and successful July meeting was ever made into two. There can be no doubt whatever that these have much reason on their side, as the two meetings which have now taken its place do not provide anything like as much high-class sport as the one week used to give us in old days. This year's Second July Meeting was sufficient endorsement of this, and it is doubtful if we saw a really first-class winner all the week. The three year old weight for age events were of terribly poor class; and if the two year old racing may have been a little better, nevertheless, Heir Male and Ayah are hardly of the class which we have been accustomed to associate with winners of the Soltykoff and Chesterfield Stakes.

Cricket and sunlight have, as usual, been running parallel. Through the heat of the last week even the least aggressive teams have taken the opportunity of treating the best bowling with contempt. The Philadelphians, so often victims, ran up over 400 against the undefeated Notts, who, however, in spite of the absence of Shrewsbury and Gunn, managed, as on many other occasions, to achieve an inglorious draw. The visitors were less successful against Gloucestershire, when they again suffered from Jessop, who, with native recklessness, hit up a century in some fabulous time. W. G. Grace, too, inaugurated a possible series of three-figure innings, and, moreover, took many wickets, as is his practice whenever he can find a team strange to his devices.

Jessop met with still more conspicuous success when playing against the Players. Quite undeterred by the quality of the bowling, he advanced yards down the wicket, even to Richardson, and did not make a mis-hit till he had passed 60. Curiously he was in most of the time with Ford, who, though the hardest hitting left-handed bat in England, looked, by comparison, a quite steady player. Together they made a fine attempt to win the game, which was one of the best and most representative played for a long time. Though the Gentlemen lost by over 70 runs, a very little would have turned the scale. Ford, unfortunately, went in a little late, and scored over 120 in the two innings without being defeated, and Ranjitsinhji—on this occasion only—failed completely.

Poor Sussex yet again, negatively and against their will, have caused a record to be lowered. Being without their mainstay, Ranjitsinhji, they journeyed in some trepidation to Sheffield, and were all out for under 200 by four o'clock. Brown and Tunncliffe then opened the Yorkshire innings, and were not separated till late in the following day, having brought the score to 378. Brown, who performed so finely in the last Australian tour, eventually brought his individual score to 311. The innings was declared over on Tuesday evening with the score standing at 681 for five wickets. Sussex again collapsed, and were beaten by an innings and a half and over 300 runs. The best score previously made by the first wicket was against Yorkshire, when Lionel Palairet and H. T. Hewett, the most original of left-handed batsmen, hit up 346 by even more vigorous cricket than that shown by Brown and Tunncliffe. The Yorkshire team was captained by Milligan, who, with Mitchell, was the only amateur on the side, but he asserted the bowling claims of his class by taking twelve wickets for little more than nine runs each.

The champion county played a more even and momentous game against Notts. It was expected that the result would go a long way to decide the championship, especially after the first innings, when Yorkshire were left in a minority of over 100. However, they played fine, if rather slow, cricket in the second innings, and were eventually able to declare. Notts made no attempt to hit off the runs, but, playing with the proverbial patience of the county, just managed to effect a draw, thanks to a long-drawn innings of Gunn. Their record for the season is two victories, the rest unfinished matches.

Other competitors for the leading place did not experience any crises, though some of the scoring was prodigious. Lancashire drew with Sussex after each side had made more than 400 in the first innings. Other innings of over 400 were made by Surrey against Middlesex, and Essex against Warwickshire, producing in each case the expected victory. Individual centuries are a drug in the market, but, of the many, Mason's 183 against Somerset was the most conspicuous and best deserved. Even while a boy at Winchester he did Kent much useful service, and he has played consistently ever since. But his last week's innings exceeds in amount any of his previous efforts in first-class cricket.

Cricket is, of course, a game of leisure, and owes much of its charm to the absence of the need of hurry. A spectator may go away for a while and return to find the same cricketers in possession and the state of the game not materially altered. Even a player may enjoy a day's leisure in the midst of a match, and a fashionable crowd can picnic round for three days and yet witness no conclusion. But it is a question whether some steps couldn't be taken to make definite conclusions rather more frequent. The matter has been agitating the minds of the Eton and Harrow authorities, who not unnaturally argue that if so many three days' matches are unfinished, what are you to expect of a two days'? It is, however, a suggestive commentary that the Winchester and Eton match is nearly always finished in two days, and it is probable, if the metropolitan police were less polite in their efforts to stem the parade, the desired consummation might also be attained at Lord's.

As often happens in other games, such, for instance, as tennis, though the fact is strange in cricket, Surrey's play varies in exact proportion with the quality of the opposing team. The Yorkshire bowling presented no particular terror to them, and they could defeat Middlesex with ease, but in the following match they fell for 157 before Hampshire. Essex, in the same sort of way, fell into difficulties with the unsuccessful Derbyshire, for whom Evershed, who when up at University, Oxford, was nothing accounted of as a cricketer, made his first century of the season by lively but well judged hitting. If cricket were not cricket, such variations of form would need explanation; but it is a vain task to explain the eccentricities of performing cricketers or the relative merits of teams.

In two respects Henley and the 'Varsity match bear a close resemblance; one point is the blaze of colour presented by the fashionable crowd, the other the extreme reluctance of the same crowd to leave the course clear for the business of the day. One reads regularly every Henley of umpire's difficulties, of some pleasure boat vainly seeking to get behind the piles and successfully fouling some competitor, and of the absolute need for some change in the future regulations. But no change comes, nor is likely to, nor would reformation be altogether advisable.

The racing was this year fine to a degree, and roused not only the hurrying, shouting populace of the Bucks side, but even the aristocratic fringe on the Berkshire shore, to fits of admiration. The finish of the Grand comes first. For this one race everyone stands up, as for an important personage, but it is not often that a 2ft. victory is the reward. It was a good thing that New beat Leander, for after all it seems hardly fair that a club which has the pick of the two 'Varsities, both of the past and of the present, should compete on equal terms with single colleges. Leander, on an average, ought to win, if the quality of the material is a chief element of success. Oxford rowing was very conspicuous. Even the unsuccessful crews made a considerable impression, especially Christ Church, who, to the general surprise, lost their final after a keen race with Kingston, the one successful London club.

Cambridge went away empty; but there is no cause to talk mournfully of the decadence of style and need of reformation. The Hall were a very good boat, and not a length slower than either New or Leander, two boats of very exceptional excellence. Emmanuel also made a good race with Eton in the final of the Ladies', though, after all, their defeat by boys does drive home the moral, often repeated, that the traditional Eton style is the right style, the most easy and the most successful. This was the fourth consecutive victory of Eton in this race.

The Diamonds, which comes next to the Grand in general interest, fell to Ten Eyck—the one foreign success. A hot discussion has raged over the question of his amateur status. With the judicial aspects of the question there need be no concern, but he is certainly not an amateur in the sense that other competitors at Henley are amateurs, and he alienated all interest from himself by adopting the very doubtful policy of taking his opponent's water and giving him all the wash possible. These tactics were a mistake and a pity, for he is a fine sculler and finely made, and if he had observed the amateur spirit as he had been accorded its title, the rowing world would have given him and his success ungrudging recognition.

Outside the actual racing the most notable feature of Henley was the increase in club lawns on the course. The Isthmian still held, as it has always done, chief place on the first Bucks meadow, and the enclosure was as comfortable and well managed as ever. Next came the Thames R.C. lawn, and following it a lawn and grand stand of a peculiar type, shared by the Bath, Royal Societies, and Queen's Club. The Sports Club enclosure was popular, and next it was the Stores lawn, and last the Albany Club at Kingston. At the beginning of the next section the London R.C. had their barge, and near them was the fine St. Helena house-boat, occupied by the Bath Club. Other clubs on the Bucks side were the boat clubs of Balliol, New, Christ Church, and Trinity Colleges, who had their barges prominently placed.

The Conservancy efforts to prevent speculation in house-boats by stopping offending owners from taking up their positions did not spoil the house-boat show, which was effective as ever. The first boats on the course, the Stella, St. Helena, Ibis, Eileen, and others—the whole section, in fact, from the end of the club lawns to Fawley Court—looked quite as well as in former years. The Regatta enclosure on the Berks shore was more roomy this season and well patronised, while further down Clubland was always crowded, the Grosvenor fairly patronised, and the towpath crowd was as enthusiastic as of yore. The river attendance was good, but the small craft were more scattered than usual on account of the house-boats being moved further down.

The Metropolitan Regatta, held between Putney and Hammersmith on Monday last, was distinguished by some excellent racing, and honours were fairly evenly divided, Thames and London not sweeping the board, as so often happens. In spite of the good sport, however, and before the evening rain, the attendance was thin, save on the following steamer, and in the neighbourhood of the Putney boathouses, the rowing enthusiasm engendered at Henley having probably died out with the fireworks on the last evening. The good opinion formed of the Kingston R.C. eight at Henley, the Thames Cup winners, was fully justified, as, in the chief event, the Metropolitan

Champion Cup race, they defeated both the London and Thames Grand eights after a very fine struggle. The win is particularly creditable, as Kingston are not accustomed to tidal water rowing.

This is the first occasion on which any club, except Thames or London, have won this trophy since 1883, when Twickenham were successful; Kingston's last wins were in 1870-1, in both of which years they were very strong. The Thames Cup for fours was also competed for by London, Kingston, and Thames. London beat Kingston by three quarters of a length, after another close race. There was some interesting racing for the Metropolitan Challenge Cup (junior eights). Thames beat London easily in the first heat, but in the second there was a splendid race between Kensington, St. Paul's School, and Vesta. The first-named won, with St. Paul's second, and the boys may be particularly congratulated on their smart form. In the final, Kensington beat Thames on a foul. The London Cup for Senior Scullers produced a capital entry of nine, but there were two non-starters. H. T. Blackstaffe, Vesta R.C., the runner-up for the Diamonds, had an easy heat, and Dr. McDowell, the Chicago sculler, rather easily beat A. F. G. Everitt, London R.C. G. Beresford, Kensington R.C., also qualified for the final, which Blackstaffe won easily, with McDowell second. The Junior Sculls fell to London R.C., through C. H. R. Thorn, and the Junior Senior Sculls went to the same club, H. W. Stout winning.

Of angling there is not a deal to say—the water has been too low, and the sun too bright. They have caught a Jubilee trout in the Darent, 5lb. and over, above twenty-two inches long, with a waist of fourteen inches—a beautiful fish. Such fish as the trout and salmon angler scornfully relegates, without discrimination, to the class of "coarse," have been caught in fair numbers, including a sun-fish, taken in a trawl net, of which Mr. Hearder, of Plymouth, recently sent an account to the *Field*; but fly-fishing, except at late evening hours, has not had much reward. HIPPIAS.

## OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION.

MRS. ARTHUR PAGET, whose portrait appears on the frontispiece, in the Cleopatra fancy dress in which she appeared at the Duchess of Devonshire's historic and fancy dress ball, is the wife of Colonel Arthur Henry Fitzroy Paget, of the Scots Guards. Daughter of Mr. Paran Stevens of New York, Mrs. Arthur Paget is one of the most beautiful of the charming Americans who grace our English Society. Her beauty is enhanced, too, by a perfect taste in dress, and she also possesses remarkably lovely jewels, including a parure of emeralds, one of turquoises, and a Russian crown of diamonds, in addition to ordinary tiaras, necklaces, aigrettes, and fine pearls. The Prince of Wales stood sponsor to Colonel and Mrs. Paget's eldest boy, and they have also two other boys, and a girl. Colonel Paget is grandson of the first Marquis of Anglesey, and cousin of the present (third) Marquis.

The train of Mrs. Arthur Paget's Cleopatra costume was of black crêpe de chine, embroidered with gold scarabæus, and lined with cloth of gold. The skirt was of black gauze with lotus flowers worked in gold, and a sash of gauze tissue wrought with stones and scarabæus. The bodice, glittering with gold and diamonds, was held up on the shoulders with straps of large emeralds and diamonds. The square headdress was of Egyptian cloth of gold, the sphinx-like side pieces being striped black and gold, and encrusted with diamonds, and in the middle of the forehead hung a large pearl from a ruby. Above was the ibis with outstretched wings of diamonds and sapphires, and beyond were peacock feathers standing out, and the back was all looped with pearls and amber. The remainder of the headdress was of uncut rubies and emeralds, all real stones, surmounted by the jewelled crown of Egypt. Round the neck were row upon row of necklaces of various gems, reaching to the waist, and a jewelled girdle fell to the hem. A negro held a fan of ostrich feathers over her head.

## RACING NOTES.

THERE was a good deal of interesting racing last week, of which the principal event—the Eclipse Stakes—is dealt with elsewhere in these columns. The best two year old form was seen at Sandown Park on Friday and Saturday. On the first day it did seem as if the speedy American filly Rhoda B would be able to give 11lb. to Platonic, though the daughter of Hawkstone has more than once run respectably. Rhoda B looked well in the paddock, and is a really racing-like filly; but it is said that she had not been doing much work, and she was beaten cleverly by Platonic, although the judge's fiat was only a head.

Cyllene is generally accredited as being the best two year old seen out so far during the present season, and his performance in the National Breeders' Produce Stakes on Saturday thoroughly endorses that opinion, not so much because he won, as for the resolute style in which he did so, in spite of the difficulties he encountered in getting through his horses. Mr. Rose's colt has never yet been beaten, and consequently slight odds were laid on his chance, though Tears of Joy, with a 7lb. pull in the weights, was a good deal fancied. There were some, too, who thought that Perthshire would reassert himself over

this five furlong course, overlooking the fact that the Sandown course is about the most severe five furlongs in England. The speedy Dielytra, too, had friends, and many people fancied the rather small but beautifully blood-like Ebba, who was making her *debut*, a good deal on the strength of her being an own sister to Ladas. Right well she ran too, as she had all the worst of the luck in the early part of the race, and is, moreover, a mere baby as yet. Nevertheless, she stuck to her work well, and although she was beaten a head by Cyllene, she fairly outstayed Dielytra, whom she beat by two lengths for second place. Perthshire did not look too well in the paddock, and he again failed to stay; but he was a late foal, and may acquire stamina with age. I never saw a horse more shut in and hampered than Cyllene was, and the way in which he fought his way out of his difficulties proved him to be a most determined youngster. He is a beautifully bred colt, his sire being the Two Thousand winner, Bona Vista, by Bend Or—Vis-a (dam of Sir Visto and Velasquez), and his dam Arcadia, by Isonomy, to whose blood he probably owes his stoutness, out of Distant Shore. He is sure to make a good horse, whilst Ebba, to whom he was giving 8lb., ought always to beat all those that finished behind her on Saturday, with the possible exception of Perthshire.

The racing army is being kept busy this week at Leicester, Liverpool, and Gatwick, at the latter of which places there will be two good days' sport on Friday and Saturday. On the first day Spook ought to win the Straight Handicap if he can give 3st. all but a pound to Mintfield, and Southmoor may take the Manor Plate. On Saturday Marion looks like being the best of a moderate lot in the Summer Handicap, St. Ia will win the Crabbet Plate, and Comfrey the Diamond Plate. Next week the first half of the racing season will be brought to a close at Goodwood, and the Turf world will once more be occupied with trying to find the winner of the Stewards' Cup. This is at no time an easy task, and the discovery is certainly no simpler than usual this year. I should only fancy one if I were sure he is all right, and has kept his speed. This would be Ramapo, but as it is I doubt if he will do this time. Imposition is well handicapped, and I am inclined to think that Amphora may have a chance. It is quite possible that the Australian mare, Maluma, may be intended for this, but in spite of all one hears, I cannot help thinking that Count Schomberg must have a great chance, if training him for long races has not impaired his speed.

OUTPOST.

## ON THE GREEN.

MR. ALLAN has determined to show us that his win of the Amateur Championship, though unexpected by those who had not seen his form, was no slice of luck. Just lately, on the private course at Duddingston, he has given a most decisive beating, by 6 up and 5 to play, on a 36-hole match, to Mr. W. B. Taylor, the golfer of the Edinburgh Carlton Club, who has twice won the Irish Championship. An excellent nerve seems to be not the least useful of Mr. Allan's qualities as a golfer, and his approaching is of a steady excellence, very wearing to an opponent. After the singles match Mr. Allan and Mr. Taylor were partners in a foursome against Mr. J. Bremner and Mr. C. Whigham—the latter of whom is brother of the amateur champion of America. Again the champion proved irresistible, his side winning by 2 up on the last green, though the others had held a lead of a hole with only 3 to play. The Ladies' Tournament, which has been in progress on the long course of North Berwick, was also conclusive proof of a champion's merits, Miss E. C. Orr, who so lately won the Ladies' Championship at Gullane, defeating Miss M. H. Aitken in the final round by 3 up and 1 to play. Halfway round Miss Aitken led by no less than 3 holes, but on the home-coming, Miss Orr played so strong a game that the utmost her opponent could do was to get a half of a single hole. The remaining six, until the match was over, were gained by the lady champion; and it was not in this match alone, but also in several others in course of the tournament, that the form of the ladies was seen to be dangerous enough to cause discomfort to some of the superior sex who had been inclined to speak disrespectfully of ladies' play as "not golf." There seems to be no doubt that the ladies are asserting their right to be rated on something like an equality with second-class players of the sterner sex. So large a gallery was following the final match, that a rope was a necessary restraint. Among incidents of interest to be recorded are the lowering of the record for the Hampstead Club, by no less than three strokes at once, by J. Govan, the local professional, in course of a recent exhibition match with C. Crawford, the professional of the Finchley Club. The new record stands at 77. Naturally, under the circumstances, Govan was too good for his opponent.

At Sandwich Mr. E. M. Smith won the July monthly medal of the St. George's Club with 87—6=81, followed, at a respectful distance, by Mr. Pemberton Leach, with 101—12=89. At Seaford Captain Nugent had the best gross score in the monthly medal competition, but this lowest gross of 83 was far from good enough to gain him the medal, which Mr. F. C. B. Welch took with 83—8=75. On the same day Mr. W. Lambe and Mr. W. C. Michie had a most exciting 36-hole match for a silver cup, for which they had tied at the end of June. Mr. Lambe proved the winner by a single putt. With a halved match against "Bogey" Mr. Corrie, receiving three strokes, won the "bogey" medal of the Guildford Club, Mr. J. A. Ross and Mr. R. B. Reid coming close behind him with one hole down apiece to the "bogey" score. Mr. Dick, at Troon, put in a good scratch score of 78 in a recent competition, but Mr. R. Dickie, with his allowance of 17, beat it soundly, his return being 91—17=74.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN "Molière and His Medical Association," which comes from the Cotton Press and from the pen of Dr. A. M. Brown, we have an odd, a very emphatically odd, but entertaining book. Every schoolboy knows, from memory of tedious school speeches, if from nothing else, that the great *comique* had the strongest possible objection to men of medicine. His feelings on the subject have stirred up Dr. Brown much in the same fashion as they stirred up many French writers before him. And Dr. Brown has been at the pains not only to analyse Molière's diatribes against the faculty, but also to justify them by placing before us an account of the position of medical knowledge and of the charlatanism practised by men who called themselves doctors in his day. The book might easily have been learned and yet dull; but in fact it is learned and vastly entertaining, mainly by reason of the intimate acquaintance with Molière shown by Dr. Brown, but largely also by dint of the numerous glimpses given into Court life in the time of the Grand Monarch, and into the characteristics of Louis XIV. Even at this date it is impossible not to smile at the thought of "Le Journal de

la Santé du Roi," the record of the health of the king from day to day, which was kept from 1647 to 1711. And the record itself is amusing from the human point of view as illustrative of the failings of the king, from the scientific point of view because the king appears to have supplied the vile body upon which many important medical experiments were made.

Mrs. C. W. Earle's "Pot-pourri from a Surrey Garden" (Smith Elder) is true to its name. It is not all about gardens, or the way of growing this plant or that, or the method of laying out gardens, or the choice of plants and flowers, or the cooking of vegetables. It is about all sorts of things, but the garden, being clearly Mrs. Earle's hobby, predominates. Also, we have essays on sons, daughters, furnishing, health, and all kinds of things. The dweller in a country house can hardly fail to find in this volume many sayings that are graceful and suggestive, and many directions which are of practical value. Yet, in spite of the pleasure with which we have dipped into the pages of this book—it is one of the books which man or woman may begin anywhere, and as often as inclination suggests—we have a word of remonstrance to offer to Mrs. Earle. It is one which might be addressed with equal justice to almost every writer on horticulture. Very gently and respectfully we would say, "Avoid the dictatorial attitude," and we would point our meaning by an ancient horticultural saying of the Midlands:—"Different people have different opinions, some likes apples and some likes inions." Mrs. Earle is not, as are many gardening experts, peremptory and rude in expressing her views and in criticising those who differ from her in mere matters of taste. But still, it seems to us, she might well consider that occasionally others may, without being guilty of sin against art, admire that which revolts her sense of the beautiful. Frankly, her denunciations of *ampelopsis Veitchii* hurt our feelings. But the dictatorial tone, the inability to recognise two sides to a question, is characteristic of even the greatest gardeners.

Two useful handbooks have reached us from Messrs. Vinton. The first, "Cattle, Their Breeds and Management," is from the pen of Mr. William Housman, and we must confess to having read with deep interest the early pages dealing with the wild herds to be found at Chillingham and elsewhere. Pleasant also is it to be reminded of the association of Sir Edwin Landseer with his "dear Chillingham," and of the adventure associated with the famous picture "The Dead Bull." We had forgotten how the bull had vanquished the keeper who was entrusted with his execution, and how Lord Ossulston's deer-hound "Bran" rescued the man. As for the account given of the domesticated breeds, it is faultless; and though the advice given as to management may savour on occasion of the counsel of perfection, it is as sound as possible. In pigs, of which Mr. Saunders Spencer treats, there is less poetry than in cattle. In antiquity, as the quarry pursued in the sport of kings, the wild boar may match the original wild cattle, but, whereas Kerrys, Jerseys, Highland cattle and others charm us all by their appearance, only a scientific farmer can fall violently in love with Plymouth Queen, a Tamworth sow, or Pride of Oxford, or Holywell Count. Mr. Saunders Spencer, however, is a practical man. His knowledge of pigs and his skill in breeding and rearing them are beyond compare; and he has won innumerable prizes. How these results have been reached may easily be understood from a perusal of the chapters on housing and feeding. Through them runs the spirit of reason, the mind of the practical man more intent upon spending his money wisely than upon being lavish. This handbook deserves to be added to every country gentleman's farm library.

Mr. G. B. Burgin would desire no higher compliment to his book, "Old Man's Marriage" (Grant Richards), than that which was paid to it spontaneously precisely eight hours ago—it is now ten o'clock in the morning—by the present writer. For, firstly, he found it impossible to lay down the volume. The attachment of "Old Man" and "Ikey," rough diamonds of the Canadian bush, touched him; the ferocity of Miss Wilks, the devotion of the Indian squaw to Old Man—all these things touched a true chord. Beyond that, continual quaintness of expression set the reader laughing out loud in spite of himself; and it takes a good deal to make a lonely man laugh out loud in the small hours of the morning. But what can man do when he is faced by such passages as these: "We stood up afore the parson. 'D'you still want to marry me?' she asks, in a sort of hissin' whisper like a snake's. I reckoned I did. 'Your blood be on your own head,' she hisses agin. 'Don't say I didn't offer to let you off.'" Again, could long-winded storyteller be roused to a sense of duty more pungently than by Old Man's "I've got old since you began this story, Ikey. Foller the trail." As for Miss Wilks, the mule not the woman, she is a treasure. In a word, this is a book of no common fascination, remarkable alike for humour and pathos and for its true presentation of the atmosphere of the Wild West.

It is with great pleasure that all lovers of art, and of critical and descriptive literature of the highest order of merit and beauty, will observe that Mr. Ruskin's Oxford lectures on landscape painting are to be published by Mr. George Allen in the autumn.

Mr. Robert Barr is attempting a task, over which many distinguished writers have failed, in his new novel, to be published by Messrs. Methuen, which bears the somewhat whimsical title "The Mutable Many." It deals with the story of a great strike, and, looking back over the masters and mistresses of fiction who attempted the subject, it is difficult to remember one who has reached even a measure of success. A great strike is usually a paltry business, much exaggerated by newspapers, and the conception of the attitude of masters and men formed, even by so clever a writer as Mrs. Humphry Ward, is usually quite one-sided and untrue to nature. On the other hand, great expectations may reasonably be founded on the announcement that Mr. S. Levett Yeats will shortly bring out, through Messrs. Longmans, a new novel entitled "The Chevalier d'Auriac."

The same house will publish a "Life of the Late Mr. Henry Reeve," a man of many accomplishments and long literary experience, by Professor Laughton. Mr. R. Le Gallienne, it seems to us, is not the man to give a version of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. From the poetical point of view Mr. Fitzgerald's version is unapproachable, and, if the object be to obtain scholarly accuracy, Sir F. J. Goldsmid is the man who ought to write.

Amongst forthcoming books which promise to be worth reading we note Mr. R. Cromie's "The King's Oak," Mrs. Harold Gorst's "Possessed of Devils," Mr. Andrew Lang's "Modern Mythology," and the "Outlaws of the Marshes," by Lord Ernest Hamilton.

Books to order from the library:—

"Women Novelists of Queen Victoria's Reign." (Hurst and Blackett.)

"The Folly of Pen Harrington." By Julian Sturgis. (Constable.)

"The Larramys." By George Ford. (Hutchinson.)

"Lives of the Saints," Vol. IV. By Rev. S. Baring Gould. (Nimmo.)

"Pantelas." By Edward Jenkins. (Bentley.)

## CRICKET; ETON AND HARROW AT LORD'S.

WHILE the evidence of Horace Walpole proves that cricket was popular at Eton in the middle of the last century, there is reason to believe that there were Harrow elevens some years before the two schools met. No mention, however, is to be found of any match under the title of Eton and Harrow previous to the year 1805, and even that cannot be regarded as a genuine trial between the picked players of the two schools. The next recorded match is in 1818, but several are known to have taken place between these two periods. On that occasion Harrow won, as they did at the next meeting, which took place in 1822, when Charles Wordsworth first played in the eleven. Since then, with the exception of the years 1826, 1829 until 1832, 1856, and 1857, the series of matches has been continuous, though the trustworthy records of the game prior to 1825 probably perished in the fire which

years of age. As it happened, the Etonians were even allowed to play two men who had passed that age.

During the last seventy years each of the two schools has, of course, experienced its periods of prosperity and depression in the cricket world; but for the last ten years the star of Eton has most assuredly been in the ascendant, for of the total of 110 'Varsity cricket blues created during that period sixteen per cent. have been contributed by Eton against nine per cent. by Harrow. The strongest element in the conduct of the game as played at Harrow lies in the fact that there a boy is never allowed to suppose himself a good player. At Harrow the eleven, when made up, is seldom pronounced first rate. At Eton there is a tendency to exaggerate the merit of the team, and to pin too much faith on the particular prowess of some one individual member of it. The results are often lugubrious, and



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THE LUNCHEON HOUR.

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destroyed the pavilion at Lord's on the second evening of the match between the two schools in that same year. For many years the matches played in 1805 and 1857 were included in the list, but some twenty-five years ago the cricket authorities at Eton objected to the retention in the list of the match of 1857 (won by Harrow), and Harrovians in their turn expunged the match of 1805 (won by Eton). The history of these two matches is as follows:—The first was played on August 2nd, 1805, on old Lord's ground, and if for nothing else, will always be of interest to Harrovians from the fact that Lord Byron's name figures in the eleven. But Byron was not really a member of the school team, and the two sides were not confined to actual members of the schools, the game being rather a pick-up by Byron, on the one side, and Kaye, of Eton, on the other. Neither was the second match, that of 1857, strictly regular, it being played in order to keep up the sequence during the time that the Eton authorities objected to the regular match at Lord's. As, however, some of the Eton eleven were forbidden to play, only seven of the latter and eight of the Harrow team—who were leaving their respective schools—took part in the match. Accordingly, each side was allowed to take substitutes for the absentees out of those who had lately left, and were under twenty

nobody who has attended the Eton and Harrow match for any number of years can have failed to notice the expression of blank despair that settles down upon Light Blue faces when some "crack" retires to the pavilion with a nought registered to his name. To turn to the other side, it is only fair to own that to Eton belongs the honour of having been the first to exploit small-boy cricket. It was in the year 1830, or 1831, that Mr. Boudier formed a cricket club at Eton under the modest name of "Sixpenny." No smaller coinage was then issued, or, doubtless, it would have been adopted.

Before the institution of "Sixpenny," small boys had possessed no cricket ground. There was, nevertheless, in this community as much emulation as in the upper club upon the larger ground, to a place in which every "Sixpenny" youngster aspired. Some urge that the divided allurements of an Eton summer draw away many to the river who would otherwise devote themselves to cricket. This is, of course, unquestionably true, but at the same time, allowing that half of the thousand and odd Etonians take to the water, that still leaves as many for cricket as any other school can number. There was a time, however, during the sixties, when Eton cricket had reached rather a low ebb; but since then Eton has put her house in order, with the result

that she is now not only claiming her proper share of success in the great annual contest, but has amply atoned for her erstwhile reverses, the score standing as follows:—Harrow, 29; Eton, 28; drawn matches, 15.

In conclusion, it may be pointed out that both our leading public schools are so situated as to command the best cricket practice obtainable. "Old fellows" can easily run down from town, and by their maturer experience their respective schools become inoculated with good cricket. At Harrow it is well known how keenly "old fellows" have always carried out this system; indeed, a club for their accommodation has been established on the cricket ground itself immediately adjoining the boys' pavilion.

This year's match was a sight, once seen, never to be forgotten. A glorious morning, the summer sun "shining with all his might." Around the cricket enclosure at Lord's, on coach, on stand, in carriage or afoot, was "everybody who is anybody" in that great cosmos called Society, and a great many who, it must be said, had no social pretensions at all, hundreds of boys from the rival schools, always the keenest of partisans, who had cheered until the baking heat had dried up even their exuberant enthusiasm, and they could cheer no more. At the welcome luncheon hour a wonderful change—the green sward, on which Harrow had been batting so manfully through the hot morning, became in a twinkling a "flower garden of girls," a scene of kaleidoscopic and dazzling beauty. Seen from above, with the green grass for a background, the hundreds of bright dresses, and still brighter parasols, with the more sombre dress of the sterner sex to give relief to the feast of colour, it was indeed a picture to which the prosaic monochrome of photography can do but the scantiest justice.

They cannot all have come to see the cricket, these fair dames. No, if the truth must be told, to very many of the spectators cricket is quite a secondary consideration, and it would perhaps be somewhat unreasonable to expect from these Society belles an expert knowledge of so complicated a game as cricket is to the uninitiated. They may come to flirt, to talk, to see, and be seen, but they do not come to see the game. Still, that is altogether immaterial. They are there, and we can only be grateful to them for their presence, and for that charm and brightness that they bring with them, and which makes the Eton and Harrow match unique as a spectacle.

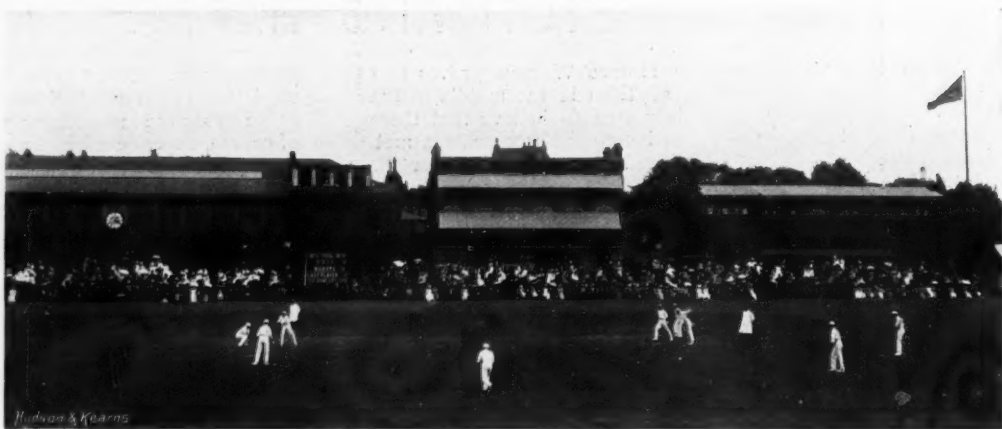


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#### HARROW'S LAST WICKET.

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The fashions of this year of grace especially lend themselves to spectacular effect. The gleam and shimmer of silk and satin are there as of old, but it is not the stately silk brocade our grandmothers knew, so stiff it would stand alone, but a light fairy-like fabric with which surely Oriental looms must have had much to do; and the colours which are chosen for dress and parasol alike are sufficient to turn any self-respecting spectroscopist green with envy, or give points even to one of Mr. Brock's gorgeous firework displays for variety and beauty. True the colours are not massed; there is no chromatic scheme as there would be at Drury Lane or any spectacular theatre, but herein is one of the principal charms. The effect is broken up, and there is a very liberal allowance of black as a telling foil to the bewildering variety of hues and tints. But that inexorable bell-ringer at Lord's is horribly dutiful, and no sight, however delightful, will so far appeal to his æsthetic feelings as to divert for a single moment his glance from the face of the clock on the far side of the ground, seemingly blinking and winking in the blazing sun. Long before artistic eyes have feasted to the full on the brilliant scene, the unwelcome cling, clang! wing, wang! gives warning that it is nearly time to clear the ground, but to the initial summons the well-dressed crowd gives little heed. But in a few minutes comes a more peremptory peal, and in a tone not to be lightly disregarded, while at the same time the perambulating police appear on all sides exhorting the multitude to return to their seats. Apparently they are most reluctant to give up the promenade, but bow to necessity at last, and once more make room for the players to continue the game.

The green turf is again visible, the two white-coated umpires put in an appearance, the Eton eleven take their places in the field, and the game goes merrily on, Dowson and Rattigan at the wickets, the latter soon to succumb to a ball from Mitchell, which he skied to Marsham. Since the commencement of the game things had gone well with Harrow. Maw won the toss, and naturally elected to take first innings, and batting steadily and well, his side before the luncheon interval had run up a score of 194 for the loss of six wickets, Cole, Medlicott, and Robertson being the principal contributors, with 36, 35, and 50 respectively. There had been repeated changes in the Eton bowling, but they had met with little success against the steady defence offered by the Dark Blue batsmen. Drew followed Rattigan, and the 200 went up after 3h. 5min. play, but after this wickets fell more rapidly, the last three men producing only 37, and the whole innings realising 236. The fielding was on the whole good. There were, of course, isolated cases of misjudgment, but the weak point on the Eton side was the bowling, Mitchell alone (with 7 for 64) showing to any advantage. After a short interval Eton commenced their innings; they started well, and the hopes of



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#### BETWEEN THE INNINGS.

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their partisans ran very high, as their two first batsmen, Lubbock and Marsham, successfully resisted all Harrow's efforts to separate them, the score mounting up meanwhile in a most satisfactory manner. Lubbock, with 27 to his credit, was the first to go (c and b Cole). Pilkington took his place, the score still rising, in spite of the changes of attack, the new comer making most of the runs. But after contributing, by good cricket, a useful and much wanted 41, he was caught at mid-on. Then disaster followed disaster. Legard, the captain, was clean bowled without scoring a run, and with the exception of Robarts, who made 11 not out, and Cadogan, whose score was 9, the remainder of the side did little to increase the total. At the close of the first day's play Eton had two wickets in hand, with 12 runs yet to make to save the follow on. This they managed to do, Robarts increasing his overnight total to 22, while Browning, the last man in, made 5 not out.

Harrow's second innings produced a very fine exhibition of cricket from Cole and Dowson. Beginning cautiously, they got thoroughly set, and then fairly collared the Eton bowling. After making 64, Dowson was caught by Legard, while Cole, who had delighted the spectators by his hard hitting, was not dismissed until he had made 142, when, to the relief of all Etonian sympathisers, he was caught by Penn from Mitchell in the long field. Cole's score is the second largest made by any individual player in the series of matches played between the two schools.



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ETON AT THE WICKETS.

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Maw, the Harrow captain, was unfortunate, but Robertson put on a useful 28, and with the total at 248 for four wickets, the innings was declared closed, leaving Eton with the long score of 324 runs to make in 3h. 25min.

This they failed to do, but they did the next best thing, from their point of view, in playing out time, and making the match a draw. At the close of play Eton's total was 208 for seven wickets, of which Legard made 35, Mitchell 48, Penn 22, and Robarts 30.

Eton played the game, of course, and credit is due to them on that account, especially as in the steepest of uphill games they managed to keep their wickets up. But it was a woefully tedious performance, and from a purely cricketing standpoint the issue was unsatisfactory. This is the fourth year in succession in which the match has been drawn.

This fact has been taken advantage of in certain quarters to advocate the match being extended over three days instead of two, but considering that in very many seasons a day and a-half has more than sufficed to finish it, and that in any wet season it would as likely as not be over in one day, it would be rather too much to ask the M.C.C. to set aside three days for it.

Of course, from the purely cricketing point of view, it would be desirable to have an elastic arrangement by which the match could be played to a finish, but there are considerable difficulties in the way of any such arrangement being made.



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A CHANGE OF BOWLING.

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## CYCLING NOTES.

Of course we all have our preferences, and no doubt it is good that it is so. If we all wanted to travel by the same road, on the same kind of bicycle, with the same kind of wife, it might lead to trouble. The writer's personal preference is for those great stretches of down country which give you such extended views, such fresh breezes, and such a peculiar scenery. It is a landscape of its own kind, *sui generis*, and for some is without any kind of attraction, but for others it has an attraction that no other country possesses, with its immensely great, slow curves, on whose convexities the clouds seem to be resting, so as to give you a strange sense of being shut in between the top of the world and the roof of heaven. This down country has a flora and fauna that is more or less individual, too—numbers of skylarks, making the air ring with melody, some yellow-hammers, occasional wheatears, but few of the tree-haunting birds, for there are few trees. Such is the country that you will find on the Berkshire Downs, the South Downs, the Hampshire Downs. If it should happen to you on a cycling tour to get down to the jolly little country town—now that the small-pox has exhausted its life—of Gloucester, you will find yourself taken in something rather like a trap. Westward, of course, down the Vale of Berkeley, your way is clear, and perhaps as far to the east as Bath, but eastward of that a practical mountain range hems you in, and the Cotswolds are a severe bicycling country. It is better to take the train, which pants up the hill behind two engines, out of Brimscombe, and so up on to the high ground. Even there the country is not too interesting; it is as well to stick to the train till Swindon. But from there, if you care to try a tract of the down country, you will find a good road of sixteen miles to take you to Hungerford, whence you may branch off Newbury way, Guildford way, any way you please—you are your own master again, and have recovered your liberty lost at Gloucester, and you will have traversed a beautiful stretch of downland by the way. The road is good. It needs not to say that it is not level, or it would not be a downland road. But it has a good surface. The soil is principally

chalk, and these chalk roads have the inevitable accompaniment of sharp flints. On them you must keep no less sharp an eye. But as a rule the flint, dangerous as it seems, is not so liable to puncture you as a vegetable spine, such as a thorn pruned from the hedge. These latter you must avoid like the plague. The down country, where it has a hedge, is apt to have that hedge of thorn. The wind sweeps fiercely over these great unsheltered uplands, and you will do well to arrange your affairs so as to be travelling with your back to it. Of course, with the best intentions, this is not always possible, and at any turn of the road you must be prepared for the wind coming down upon you out of a valley, as out of a funnel, and nearly sweeping you off your wheels. Of course it is the feminine, skirted sex that suffers more cruelly, as it carries the more sail. There is no feeling less agreeable than that of the wind suddenly taking control of your front wheel, so that it seems to be travelling on nothing. At such crises it is well to adopt, for the moment, the attitude of the "scorcher," throwing some weight on the handles and the front wheel, and giving it a little extra stability. But, when all is said, and your veil most tightly adjusted, and your hat kept tight by the most skewer-like of hat pins, still you will inevitably suffer disarrangement from the buffets of the wind—there is no help for it.

And what wonderful people these "scorchers" seem when one is at the initial stages of cycling. It is then that pride is most apt to inflate one, so that one deems, as one steams ahead at the prodigious speed of eight miles an hour, that it is inconceivable that any rider could go faster. It even surprises you to see the birds of the air give you the go by. And then, just as your reflections are running on this wise, there comes a ring of a little bell, or a tootle of a little horn, behind you, and first one, then another, and finally a whole troop of scorchers passes you by exactly as if you had been standing still. It is a revelation and a humiliation. It is not the dust with which they cover your sacred person; it is not the scarcely human expression of their backs and countenances—these are not the

sources of your discomfiture; but it is the ease with which they have gone past you, as a steamer leaves a sailer in a light breeze, just as you were endowing yourself with winged speed. Before you have recovered from the shock the whole troop is over the crest of the next billow of the downs, and you are left alone again, all your pride gone, flat as a punctured tyre.

And you ought to be left alone, to enjoy to the full the companionship of these great featureless downs. Those whom they do not actively attract



THE OLD MILL, COBHAM.

cannot conceive their attraction for another. "Splendid country, my dear fellow," said one man to another who was expatiating on its glories. "Splendid country to cut your throat in!" returned the latter. It is quite true—it is the most melancholy country in the world. But it is man's prerogative to enjoy melancholy. It does not need that he should be either a melancholy Jacques or a *femme comprise*—enough that he is a rational being, to enable him to enjoy the melancholy and the downs. The skylarks appear to

enjoy the downs, but they do not seem melancholy. They are quizzing all the while, as if to exorcise the melancholy which a rational being can rejoice in.

The roads are not level; but this again raises a question of personal preference. Does one want roads too level? Most riders would say "Why, certainly," adding that the question was a foolish one; but the present commentator would answer "No," no matter how foolish both the question and the answer. There is pleasure—that dearest pleasure of variety—in riding over a switchback country, with free-going runs down, and springs up the short hills, and crawls, whether on wheels or feet, up the long hills. These are immensely preferable, to one person, at least, of the cycling crowd, to the long, dreary levels, though the latter, of course, make for speed and long journeys. But who wants speed? The great trouble is to persuade yourself to ride slowly enough to appreciate the country and its features, its flora and its fauna. If this is not the true purpose of cycle touring, its purpose is far to seek. An express train travels quicker, if that is all the purpose, but it does not treat the country in the same way. Has Mr. Ruskin had his say about cycling, by the way? He has had his say, very emphatically, about express train travelling; but it does not follow that he would applaud the cyclist. The road racer, it is almost inevitable, would offend him—would be offensive to his every point of view—and perhaps he would not be able to dissociate him from the more leisurely, rational traveller on the wheel. Mr. Ruskin, we have a presentiment, would praise a tricycle.

Of course the strongest weapon of argument on the bicyclist's against the tricyclist's side is that the latter *is* a tricycle—has three wheels, each of them requiring a track to itself; while the bicycle has but two wheels, and they can go in one track. There are tricycles made with two small wheels on one side and one big one on the other, but they have not hit the popular fancy, so we may assume that there is something amiss with them. In other points the extra labour of the tricycle is perhaps compensated by its extra stability, and the greater facility for going slowly and sitting still on it. Also, it will carry more luggage. Perhaps the advice of *Punch*, or one of the punning papers: "When you are young buy a bicycle; when you are old try a tricycle," disposes of the question best. Age is less likely to come to grief on the tricycle; but if it does come to grief it is grief in the middle of all the wheels and the machinery, and that is apt to be good for the youthful heir on the bicycle, who is likely enough to break a limb by being thrown yards from his machine, but not likely to be so rent in pieces by the machinery as to be incapable of his enjoyments as residuary legatee. But none of us expects these tragedies, and the real argument against the tricycle is that it has three wheels—which is like finding fault with a centipede for having so many feet.

## A GREAT TENCH CATCH.

NO one quite remembers who first started the idea that there were tench waiting to be caught in Colmere Lake. The time and place of its origin are, however, agreed on. The time was shortly after June 16th, when "coarse fishing" begins, and the place was in the smoking-room, where we were planning how to kill time during the dullest part of the rural summer.

Colmere Lake is celebrated for its heronry, its flocks of wild-fowl in winter, and for monster pike, but not for summer fishing. Still, it seemed unlikely that its deep waters did not hold other fish, and the theory that these existed in the form of tench explained everything, for tench are not only the shyest of all fishes, but have the longest memories. They will bite greedily once in ten years, then every tench in the lake grows suspicious, and holds aloof from any form of bait. For any evidence to the contrary, they might have taken wings and flown off to other waters. That is why the notion of a huge tench population, thriving, forgotten, in the depths of the lake, "caught on" at once. In the course of the week the surmise hardened into a certainty. The doctor, who was a keen fisherman, had it directly from the lips of an old labourer, whom he was attending for rheumatics, that he "minded" a huge haul of tench being netted in the lake some thirty years ago, and the curate, who was also an angler, was lucky enough to find an old woman who had fried some of the fish, and corroborated the fact. But no recent record of a tench being caught was to be had in the neighbourhood.

From this, when we met the next Saturday to compare notes, we formed two conclusions. First, that as no other fish ever kills a tench, some of these in the lake must be thirty years old; and, secondly, that if they had bred at all, their number must be something quite beyond counting. Whoever first started the idea, to the doctor belongs the whole credit of its development to its legitimate conclusion. He "rose and addressed us," as the country papers say, and put the case so well that we afterwards regretted that we had not a shorthand writer within call to take it down. The substance of his remarks was as follows.

He reminded us that when once we had leave to fish (which we had not got, but no difficulty was apprehended) we were face to face with the chances of a lifetime. These tench were in the state of Adam before the fall—ignorant of guile, presumably very numerous, and of monstrous size. He deprecated all hurry and excitement, and begged us to show ourselves worthy of the occasion, and endeavour to realise our opportunities. It was not a chance to be thrown away by just going down to the lake and taking our luck with a rod and a worm. Something better than that was expected of us. He concluded by proposing that all action should be postponed for a fortnight, and that meantime everyone there present should every evening collect worms on his lawn, and, putting them into a common stock, send them

to spots selected near the lake bank for advertisement by means of ground bait. At the end of the fortnight the attack was to be made, early in the morning, by our united forces, armed with two rods apiece. We all bound ourselves to adhere to this programme, and for the next ten days worm-catching by lamp-light on our respective tennis lawns became a conscience with us.

It is not generally known how difficult it is to catch worms. When realised, it increases one's respect for the early bird who does catch them. They shoot back into their holes like a piece of elastic, and have to be stalked with as much caution as rabbits. In time we got quite to like it. A lady, who was among the keenest of the party, said it *was* sport, and was quite sorry when it was over.

Meantime we got leave to fish the lake, and fixed a Monday morning, at six a.m., for the opening of the campaign. That Sunday night, the rector, quite by accident, for we had kept our plans to ourselves, took for his sermon the text—"I go a-fishing"; and we hardly knew which way to look, for that is exactly what we were all thinking about.

We did not catch any worms that night (Sunday), as we were in a highly nervous state, and painfully anxious not to do anything which might set Providence against us; besides, we had an enormous stock, accumulated in bags of moss. But we made the most elaborate preparations of rods, lines, floats, baskets, camp stools (for the grass was certain to be wringing wet with dew at six a.m.), and as the ladies were determined to be of the party, the arrangements for an early breakfast were more satisfactory and complete than are usual when sport is to begin before civilised hours.

The lake was nearly three miles off, and as we trotted off in our dogcarts in the fresh clear morning, before the fields were well awake, along the roads all powdered with dust, edged by grass all sprinkled with dew, our hopes rose in spite of our natural misgivings. It is true that none of us had seen a single tench on our visits to the lake-side to deposit our ground bait. But that did not matter. We had evidence enough to satisfy ourselves that the fish *ought* to be there, even if they were not; meantime we had done all that could be done to ensure success, and we felt that we deserved it.

The lake looked lovely. Herons slipped out of the big trees which fringed the side next us; the young wild ducks and their mammae were swimming quite tamely among the water-lilies; crowds of rooks and jack-laws were chattering in the park, and where the shafts of sunlight struck the water or fell on the banks between the trees, little curling mists were drifting up from water and grass alike. The reed fringe at the lake head was broken in two or three places where our ground bait had been laid; and here, on the dew-drenched grass, we set up our rods, put on our baits, and cast the floats out into the lake.

We had not long to wait. In about thirty seconds or less—a shiver, then half-a-dozen little dips; then a steady rush of the floats was seen at the end of the doctor's line; and the next moment he was fast into something—a heavy, determined fish not to be trifled with. We should all have rushed to see what he had got, and whether it were a tench or not, had not exactly the same thing happened to each and everyone of our floats in the next half minute. Then a splash and a cheer from the doctor showed us that it was as he expected. He was fast in a 3lb. tench, and was in the act of landing him. And we were all in the same case; each had a fish, and that fish was a tench, deep, broad, slab-sided, covered with tiny scales of dark gold, and honey colour, and thickly lubricated with something like liquid gluc. They came on solidly and stolidly, just waiting for one to be taken off the hook and a fresh worm to be put on, and then cruising off with bait and float, as if there were no such thing as a hook or a fishing-rod in this wicked world.

In an hour there were four golden piles of fish lying on the

bank, one by each rod, and the catch was going on as steadily as ever. We sent a boy up to the house to ask for a sack, filled it, and set to work to fill another. This we did by nine o'clock, and the tench were only just beginning—not to be afraid of being caught, but to leave off feeding. We put our two sacks in the two dogcarts, and drove home to our second breakfast. Then we sent the fish round to everyone in the little town to whom we could venture to offer them. In the poor people's houses the frying-pans were at work at luncheon, tea, and supper. Epicures stewed them with port wine sauce, and even we, who had had rather more than our share of tench in the uncooked state in the morning—for tench are of fish fishy—admitted that they were very fair eating. We caught another sackful the next morning, and then the tench found us out. After eight a.m. not a fish would bite, and though several rods have visited the lake since, and caught roach, perch, and pike, the remainder of the tench shoal will not look at a bait. Perhaps in a dozen years they will have recovered from their fright. C. J. CORNISH.



Photo. by W. and A. H. Fry,

CLEARING OUT A SUSSEX POND.

Brighton.

## YACHTS OF THE SEASON.

ALTHOUGH the present yacht racing season has been one of exceptional dullness, things have not been nearly so bad on the Clyde as in the South, where hardly any entries could be obtained in the larger classes, this being made the more noticeable, as during the last few years a large fleet of up-to-date racing craft have competed in the various regattas held along the southern shores of this island. The success of the Scotch regattas is clearly attributable to so many large racing cutters being locally owned, and, moreover, three new racing yachts of considerable size have been already constructed on the Clyde this season; for Messrs. Henderson, the builders of Britannia, Meteor, and Valkyrie, have launched, for the Duke d'Abruzzi, a cutter intended to compete with racing yachts of the largest class, viz., the Bona, whilst the celebrated Fifes, of Fairlie, the builders of Ailsa, Isolde, and Saint, have been responsible for two new boats of 52 linear rating. These are Mr. A. Coats' Morning Star and Mr. F. A. Dubs' Senga.

BONA was launched on Thursday, June 3rd, the naming ceremony being performed by Mrs. Breer, the wife of the Italian Consul-General for Scotland. Mr. G. L. Watson was the designer, and as the yacht is intended for cruising as well as racing, the accommodation below is on a more lavish scale than usually to be seen in a modern racing craft. She is of composite construction, and is said to be 102ft. long, with a beam of 13ft., and a tonnage of 101 (Thames measurement), whilst her rating comes out at 83.2. The first race for which she was entered took place on June 26th, under the auspices of the Royal Northern Yacht Club, but as no competitor could be found for her (the match was limited to yachts of over 79 rating), she merely sailed over the course. In her second race she had both Isolde (winner) and Carina in front of her.

The new cutter's next racing essay began on the following morning in the regatta held by the Royal Largs Yacht Club;

she then had for competitors, besides her two rivals of the preceding day, Mr. John Nairn's Hester and Mr. J. Coats', jun., Marjorie. She succeeded in winning, beating the second boat, Isolde, by 1min. 45sec. (corrected time), on a course which had to be shortened owing to the lack of wind, and, therefore, only one round was sailed.

Bona again appeared under racing colours on the next day, when she competed against the same yachts as on the last occasion, with Hon. Judge Boyd's Thalia added. The morning opened with a nice westerly breeze, which kept true till about midday, when it dropped in the most provoking manner. While the breeze lasted, the Italian cutter kept well to the front, and reacted away in fine style to the Bute mark, which created a very favourable impression of her capabilities amongst many expert onlookers. When the wind dropped she got badly served by the paltry breezes which ensued, and when later on the wind became steadier, was too far behind to defeat her luckier rivals.

After this last event Bona made very few other appearances on the Clyde, so no true estimate of her real form can be obtained, for, up to the time of writing, she has never met a boat of her own class, and even when she has been in competition with other yachts the elements have been most unfavourable for any practical trials of relative speed. Cowes Regatta no doubt will tell us of what sort of stuff the new cutter is made, for she is scarcely likely to have many opponents of her own calibre to sail against until she arrives at that great southern yachting port. Then she will in all probability meet such redoubtable champions as Meteor, Britannia, and Ailsa, as well as Mr. Rose's new cutter, Aurora. This should produce some particularly interesting racing, for in most years the form of every boat is generally pretty accurately gauged before she takes part in the Cowes festival. Captain Sycamore, who was formerly in the Earl

of Dunraven's employ, is in charge of Bona, and he has under him a crew of some twenty hands.

The Duke d'Abruzzi's racing flag is red with a white cross.

MORNING STAR made her initial appearance in racing trim at the regatta held under the flag of the Royal Western Yacht Club of Scotland on Thursday, May 20th. She had for antagonists her sister ship the Senga, Zinita, Molly, and Hermia, *née* Eucharis, which was formerly the property of the Earl of Lonsdale. The two new boats had to allow Hermia 5min., Zinita 8min., and Molly 20min. A steady though slightly diminishing easterly breeze blew during the day. Senga had the bad luck to spring her masthead when leading, and was obliged to give up, whilst Hermia was over the line too soon, and was recalled, which lost her some time. Morning Star came in first, but Molly, which was not far behind, succeeded in saving her time allowance on Mr. Coats' cutter.

The same boats raced on the following day, with the exception of Senga, which was still under repair, but with the addition of Windward, to which Morning Star had to allow 28min. This she failed to do, and could only take second prize; but her defeat can in measure be attributed to the fact that she was over the line before the second gun was fired, and lost one minute and a half in consequence. Morning Star now proceeded to the Solent to try conclusions with the Earl of Dunraven's Audrey, which had hitherto been unable to find any opponents worthy of her steel. Their first race was a private one, for Morning Star had not been entered in time for the first day of the Royal Southern Yacht Club Regatta, when the match took place. In the lightest of easterly airs the Scotch boat succeeded in beating her Southampton-built rival by 11min. 6sec. The next day saw the boats arrive in the same order as on the preceding occasion. On June 8th the same two boats were again in competition at Plymouth, but Audrey met with an accident to the jaws of her gaff, which caused her to give up. Better luck attended the Earl of Dunraven's boat on the following day, for in a stiff south-west wind, which exactly suited her hard weather qualities, she showed the way home to the Fairlie boat. On June 10th a mistake was made on board Audrey which gave Morning Star the victory, whilst the next day saw the Scotch clipper in a similar error, which in turn prevented her winning. After a victory for Morning Star at Douglas Bay both boats sailed to the North to compete in the Clyde regattas.

SENGA, during Morning Star's absence, had meanwhile been racing in handicap matches on the Clyde, but with little success, for she could not concede the time that she had allowed to the old boats.



Photo. by West and Son,

MORNING STAR.

Southsea.

On Saturday, June 26th, when the Clyde fortnight commenced, Morning Star, Audrey, Senga, and Zinita appeared under racing colours, but the match resolved itself into practically a drifting one, in which Morning Star proved to be the winner, Audrey taking second prize. Zinita was an absentee on the following Monday, when Audrey took first prize, and Morning Star had to be content with second honours, Senga giving up through being becalmed.

Mr. Dubs' boat scored her initial victory on June 30th, in a light weather race with Audrey, which took second prize, and Morning Star as competitors. On the following day Dakota and Zinita came out to try conclusions with the three above-mentioned boats, in what proved to be another day of paltry airs, so again all chance of proving the capabilities of the new boats was lost. Audrey got a helping breeze towards the end of the race, which enabled her to arrive first with a substantial lead, whilst Senga took second prize, the other three meanwhile giving up.

On Wednesday, July 7th, in the Mudhook Yacht Club Regatta, Audrey, Senga, and Morning Star again met. As far as climatic conditions were concerned the day was the best so far experienced during the Clyde festivities. This time Lord Dunraven's boat, which was steered by Mr. A. Connell, decisively defeated her two Scotch-built rivals. The match was for a prize presented by Mr. Peter Donaldson (Rear-Admiral), the owner of the 66-rater Isolde, the course being twenty-six miles long.

On the following Thursday the trio were joined by Dakota, which they had to allow 11min. 16sec. on a course of the same length as on the preceding day. The weather was exceptionally cold for the time of year, with thick rain and wind, whilst the white horses were making themselves *en évidence* on the Firth. Audrey, whilst leading, had the misfortune to carry away some of her masthead gear, which put her *hors de combat*. Senga then obtained an easy victory over Morning Star; Dakota gave up.

Light winds were experienced during the three remaining days of the Clyde fortnight, viz., July 9th, 10th, and 12th, which enabled Morning Star to get the winning gun on each occasion.

From the result of the above races it would appear that Audrey, which was built as far back as 1894, is superior to the two new boats in a strong wind, whilst Morning Star is the fastest of the three in light weather. It is a great pity that the two new boats cannot try conclusions with last year's boat, Saint, also a Fife creation, and the biggest winner in her class, though it would at present seem that she could show them a clean pair of heels, judging by their performances in relation to Audrey.

SEAMEW.

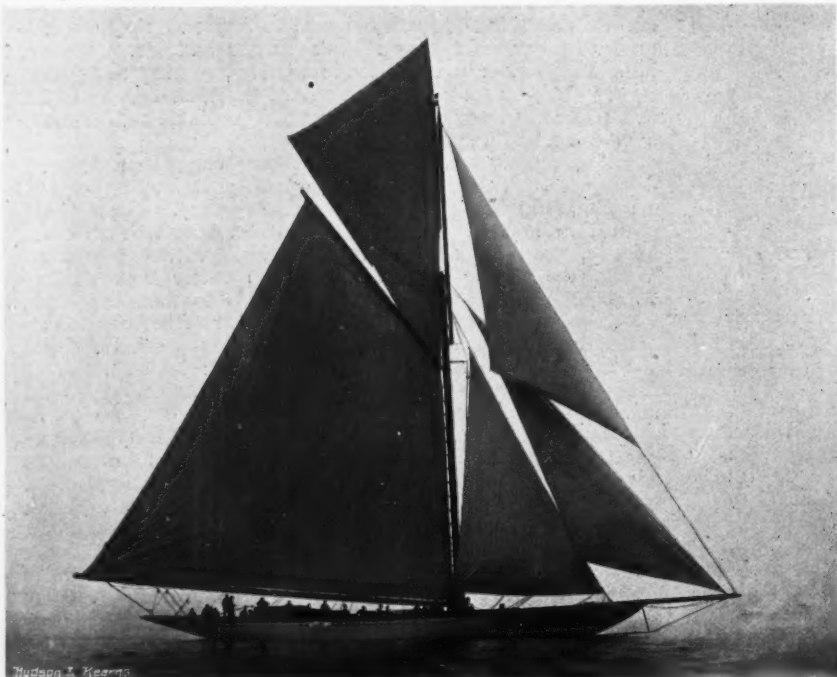
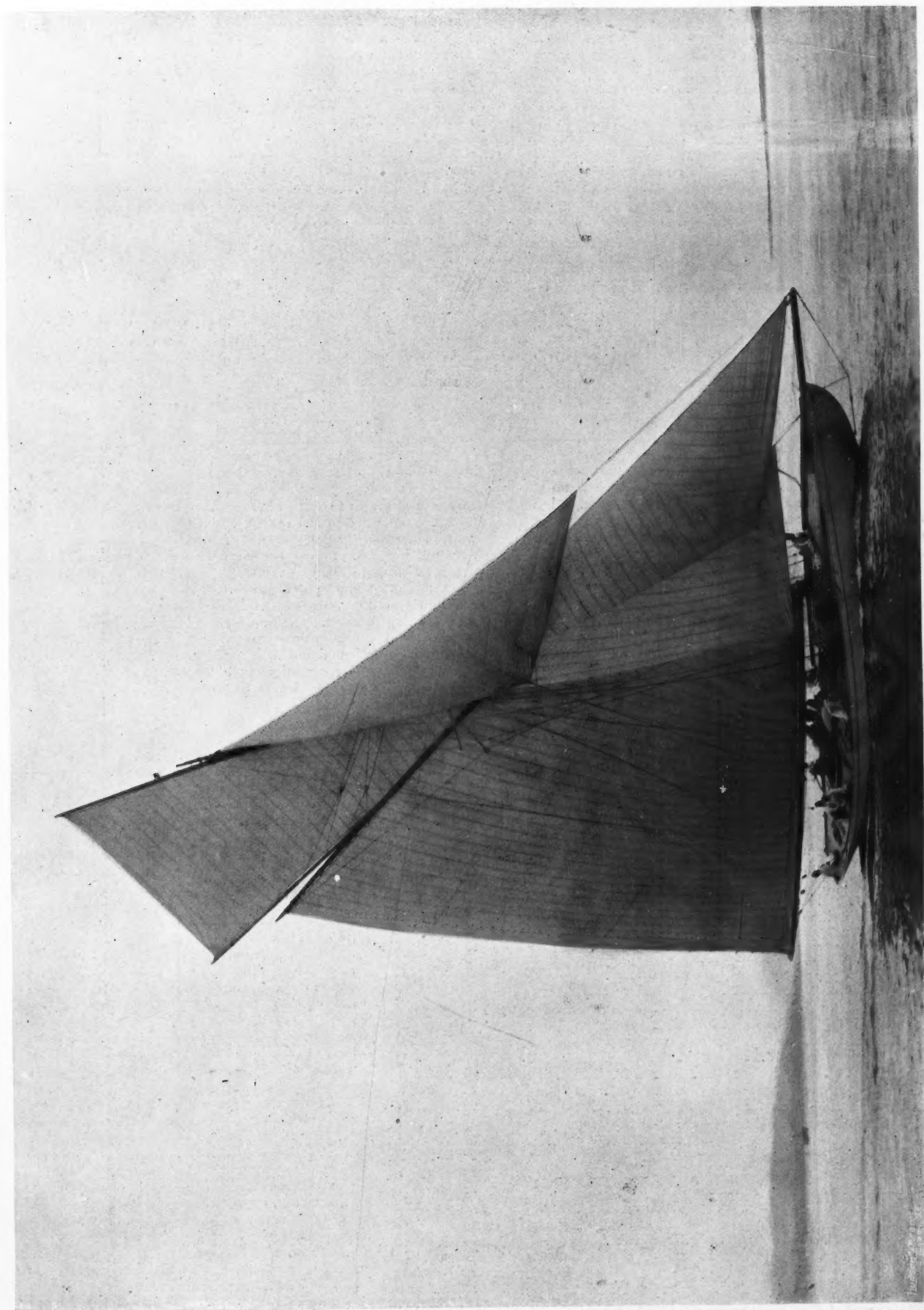


Photo. by West and Son,

BONA.

Southsea.



*Souhrea.*

*SENGA.*

*Photo. by West and Son,*

## COUNTRY HOMES: COMPTON WYNYATES.



Photo. by J. Valentine and Sons,

SOUTH AND EAST FRONTS.

Dumdee.

MANY picturesque old places of varied character have been described and illustrated in these pages, ranging in date from Plantagenet times to our own. Taken together, they give a vivid picture of the developments through which country life has gone. There are some, like Warwick and Leeds, where soldiers walked the battlements and warders kept outlook from the towers; others, like Cawdor and Baddesley Clinton, in which men thought it safer to parley with strangers across a moat; others, again, like Hatfield and Holland House, where battlement and turret are changed into the decorative survivals of a former time; some, like Stoke and Halton, which bespeak the life of a later day. Compton Wynyates, the beautiful Warwickshire seat of the Marquis of Northampton, belongs to the second class. Its moat has almost disappeared, but there remain the quadrangle of solid masonry that stood behind, the places by which passed the drawbridge-chains, the spy-hole through which the porter looked, and the oaken doors whereon the unwelcome have left, with pike or hagbut, the evidence of their defeated spite. You can scarcely imagine anything more picturesque than the grouping of those old roofs, chimneys, and towers beneath the hill. The very essence of the Tudor age seems to float about them.

Look at the broad, low porch, with its buttresses and embattlements, through which the inner quadrangle is reached. There are the arms of Henry VIII. over it. Tudor badges and the device of Katharine of Aragon are there—for Sir William

Compton was high in Henry's favour, who gave him a royal augmentation for his arms, and visited him in this house—and there are stone seats inside, and doorways which opened to the moat when the drawbridge was up. The timber gables are very picturesque, and there are the quaintest of chimneys and turrets. To one of these turrets the porter could ascend by a staircase from his lodge, if the narrower outlook from his spy-hole did not suffice to remove his suspicions of approaching strangers.

Within the quadrangle the buildings are not less quaint than without. A broad flagged path leads across the green to the door by which the hall and kitchen are reached. The noble bay window, which rises to the roof, with its elaborate cresting, forming the chief feature of the court, lights the splendid hall, which has a fine open roof, the gable over the minstrels' gallery being timbered in an unusual manner for internal work. The slab of elm upon trestles, and the stools and benches, with the finely-carved screen, give a charming air of antiquity to the place. Through the doorways in the screen the great staircase, the buttery, and kitchens are reached, the latter with large fireplaces and low mullioned windows. Hence it was that steaming joints were carried to Tudor guests in the hail or the oak-panelled parlour beyond. This last is a charming room looking out from two deeply-recessed windows over the south lawn. It has a beautiful plaster ceiling, with the arms of Compton and Spencer. Thereby hangs a tale. Wealthy Alderman Spencer,

of the City of London, did not approve Lord Compton as a husband for his only daughter, but the young courtier, whom James made Earl of Northampton, bribed a baker to let him carry a basket of loaves into the house. He carried the basket out again, but with the lady under its cover, whose father, meeting him at the door, gave him sixpence, as an active, honest fellow, who was on the way to thrive. What explosions came later can better be imagined than described, and it took all the tact of Elizabeth to bring about a reconciliation. She accomplished it by stratagem, asking the alderman to stand as sponsor to a child she knew, and he, nothing loath to disinherit his daughter, said he would adopt the infant. Needless to say, the child was his own grandson.

The chapel neighbours the parlour, and has the beautiful five-light window seen in the picture, of which the original glass is now at Balliol College, Oxford, and an elaborately-carved screen, with representations of the seven deadly sins, each on horseback, with an imp behind to egg him on. The drawing-room is above, a fine apartment, with plaster ceiling and oak wainscot, through which a door leads into the chapel gallery. The chapel drawing-room, too, opens in this way upon the chapel,

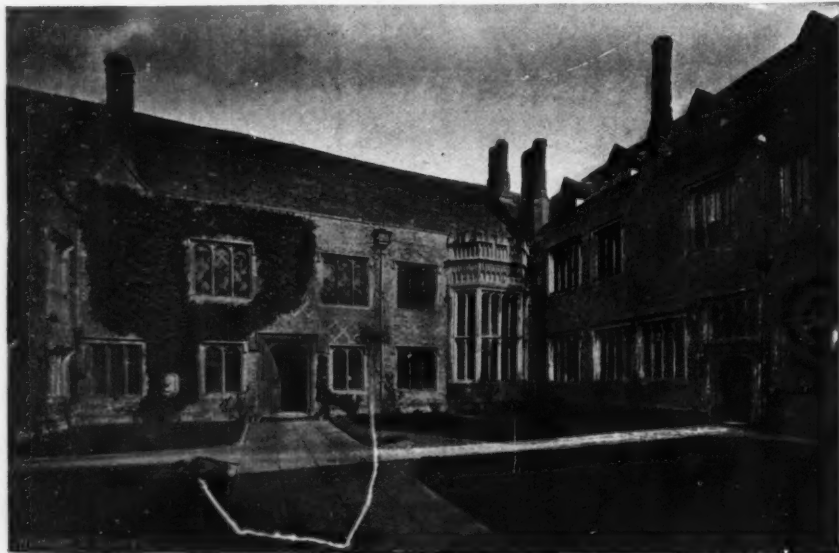


Photo. by J. Valentine and Sons

THE QUADRANGLE.

Dumdee.



Dunelm

COUNTRY HOMES: COMPTON WYNYATES, THE WEST FRONT.

Photo. by J. Valentine and Sons,

London, E.C.

and is a fine apartment, with oak panels and moulded ceiling. Henry VIII.'s bedchamber is close by, a good room, with Tudor badges still remaining in its windows, where the bluff king slept when he came to the house. So, too, we have the council chamber in the Great Tower, splendidly panelled and adorned with carving, whence newel staircases lead up to the priest's room. There is here a curious altar slab of elm, which is remarkable, altar slabs of wood being rare. Close by is one of several "priests' hiding-holes" in the house, approached by a small carved door of Renaissance design. All along this south side of the house run the barracks, as they are called, being a long room in the roof, now divided, where the retainers were given lodging beneath the oak beams and rafters, which they seem to have scorched with their candles. There are many other interesting and beautiful rooms in this most charming abode—among them, on the other side, King Charles's room, where Charles I. slept when he visited the Earl of Northampton, who was afterwards killed on the Royalist side at the battle of Hopton Heath, 1643.

Major Bridges captured Compton Wynyates for the Parliament, and there took prisoners the brother of the Earl of Northampton, many officers and 120 men, with eighty horses and much ammunition, as well as weapons. The battle of Edgehill was fought in the vicinity. The Roundheads are said to have plundered a good deal at the house, and to have killed the deer in the park. A determined effort to retake the place was made by Sir Charles and Sir William Compton by a night attack. They lodged themselves in the stables, but were driven out with great loss, and the place remained in the hands of the Parliament until June, 1646. James, the third Earl, having paid a heavy



Photo. J. Va'entine and Sons, THE BANQUETING HALL

Dundee.

price, was allowed to retain his estates, and so Compton Wynyates was not lost to the family. But the house subsequently fell into decay, and to restore it to the state of beauty in which it now stands has been the work of comparatively recent years. Warwickshire is a county of beautiful and interesting houses, and among these Compton Wynyates stands very high.

JOHN LEYLAND.

## SIR HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD'S KENNELS.—I.

THERE is no English gentleman who takes more interest in country life and sport in all its branches than Sir Humphrey de Trafford, who is the third Baronet, and whose family dates back to the eleventh century, from which period the De Traffords have been conspicuous figures in English history, taking a prominent part in the civil and religious wars, and otherwise contributing to the benefit of the nation. The present Baronet inherited the Trafford Park Estate, near Manchester, some ten or twelve years ago, on the death of his father, the late Sir Humphrey de Trafford, who in his lifetime was greatly respected and most popular in the town of Manchester. He has not, however, been long able to enjoy the beautiful mansion and surroundings at Trafford Park, for Manchester, like all of the great commercial centres in England, has increased by leaps and bounds, and encroached upon the outskirts of the property; and then came the Manchester Ship Canal, which cut through one side of the park, the latter more particularly leading to the determination on the part of Sir Humphrey to dispose of the house and park to a syndicate, from the members of which it was acquired by the Royal Agricultural Society to hold the annual meeting of this year, which, it is on record, was one of the most successful that has ever been held.

It was quite in the order of things that the first important public function to take place in the park under the new management should be the annual meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, for Sir Humphrey de Trafford has been a great supporter of that institution and of agriculture in all its connections, having always been a successful exhibitor, his name appearing in this year's prize list in several sections. In



Photo. by C. Reid, Wislaw.

BARTON SIVEEP.

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fact, in all his ventures in which live stock has been under consideration he has succeeded in getting to the top of the tree, for, in addition to the *éclat* derived from the dogs, of which the Trafford Park kennels contain the largest and best collection of the sporting varieties in the country, alike successful in the leash, at field trials, and on the show bench, Sir Humphrey de Trafford has become celebrated for having possessed the finest stud of hackney ponies that has ever been seen, and for having been one of the pioneers in bringing them into the popularity they now enjoy. Up to the time that his stud of ponies was disposed of some three or four years ago, it was not supposed that a 13h. to 14h. pony could ever realise the price that was then obtained, except for racing purposes, and

astonishment reigned supreme when one of the famous Snorer family was sold under the hammer at something like 800 guineas, and three collectively made near upon 2,000 guineas, whilst others found customers at most extravagant figures.

It must not, however, be supposed that Sir Humphrey has confined his attention to ponies and dogs, for wherever sport is to be found there will his name appear. Whether it be in the hunting field, slaughtering grouse or partridges, in a driving bout, or in a polo tournament, he is equally at home, but perhaps in no respect has he been more successful than with the fine kennel of sporting dogs which he now possesses. It has been often stated that the institution of competitive exhibitions has been injurious to the interests of sporting dogs, and that the recognised points for the show ring have been obtained at the expense of the more desirable working qualities. The dogs that



Photo. by C. Reid, Wishaw.

BARTON DAISY.

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we have under consideration are, however, a refutation of these views, for not only have many of them distinguished themselves on the show bench, but have acquitted themselves with considerable credit both at field trials and in the slips.

The Irish Setter, Punchestown, one of the most famous of the Trafford Park stud, is an example of the combination of a good show and working dog. He is a brilliant performer in the field and, at the same time, has won first prizes at all the leading exhibitions, whilst, as a stud dog, he has had great success, two of his puppies out of Barton Nora, an equally successful show bench winner, having, this year, carried off prizes in the field and in the judging ring on the first occasions of their being brought out. Punchestown, who is, without doubt, one of the most accomplished Irish Setters at field trials at the present time, displays very little, if any, of the wilfulness that has so often been fatal to the chances of success of Irish Setters when in competition with Pointers and English Setters, and his puppies inherit his good qualities in this respect. His most important wins have been first prizes at the Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace, Birmingham, the Agricultural Hall, Amsterdam, and Birkenhead. His performance at the National Pointer and Setter Field Trials in the spring of last year was an exceedingly good one, when he placed to his credit the Acton Reynold Stakes for Setters of all breeds, and he also ran well the following week at Woburn, when, at the English Setter Club Trials, he was second in the All-Aged Stakes for Pointers and Setters, and finished up a good season in the autumn, when, at the Irish Red Setter Club's meeting at Galway, he divided the Grand National All-Aged Stakes, and was first with his kennel companion, the English Setter, Barton Charmer, in braces.

It will be seen in our



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GROUSE OF KIPPEN.

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DEVONSHIRE DAN.

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illustration what a particularly handsome dog is the liver and white Pointer, DEVONSHIRE DAN, who is descended from a strain of Pointers which has for many years been celebrated in Devonshire, both for exploits in the field and as prize winners. Indeed, this dog possesses all the characteristics of a field trial winner. Although he has not so far made his mark, he is a particularly fine ranger, quarters well, and carries his head high—the last named a feature in a Pointer or Setter so much desired but so seldom seen. His fine style of going last year, when only half broken, stamped him a dog of great promise. He won ten first prizes last year, including the championship at the Crystal Palace for the best Pointer of all classes when in competition with the best Pointers in the country. The English Setter, GROUSE OF KIPPEN, is another remarkably attractive dog who, after having served his apprenticeship in one of the leading kennels of field trial dogs, was purchased by Sir Humphrey de Trafford, who, however, has not run him at any trials, but has kept him for exhibition purposes, where he has established for himself a great reputation. He has, however, been recently sold by Sir Humphrey. Amongst the many honours that he has won during his residence at the Trafford kennels have been four first prizes at Amsterdam, first at Brentwood, two firsts at Darlington, first at Birkenhead, first at Lytham, first at Birmingham, and two firsts and the championship at the Kennel Club Show at the Crystal Palace.



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ENGLISH SETTER PUPPIES.

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The Greyhound, Barton Anticipation, is also one of the most valued inmates of the Trafford Park team, and is considered by several of the best authorities on the breed to be the most perfectly formed Greyhound that is now before the public. It is to be noted that during the past two or three years the bitches have proved themselves superior to the dogs as prize winners in the Greyhound classes, the three best specimens at the present time, of which Barton Anticipation is one, being all of the gentler sex. A leading feature of Barton Anticipation is the wonderful development of muscle in her hind quarters,

which, added to her racing-like outline and capital legs and feet, have led to her long series of successes, which include twenty first prizes and a championship at the Crystal Palace.

BARTON SWEEP and BARTON DAISY are both high-class wavy-coated retrievers, bred from the best strains of the day. The former was well up in the prize list at Birmingham last year, and besides winning first at Ramsbottom, has taken several other prizes. Barton Daisy has recently been sold.

The two rough-coated Basset-hounds are typical specimens of their breed, whilst the English Setter puppies, bred as they are from such capital stock, bid fair to grow into prize winners, should they survive the numerous ills of puppyhood.



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ROUGH BASSET HOUNDS.

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## PENCILLINGS FROM PARIS.

"E<sup>t</sup> apres ça"—the house-boat! To-day we are asked to go down to the Seine and see how the English know how to forget their troubles, defy the hottest sun, and sleep gently, with the wash of the tide as their nurse. Some wealthy Englishman has built and fitted out, in Henley style, a house-boat, which is lying a couple of hundred yards from the Place de la Concorde, and when I saw it this afternoon flowers were being carted in, and in that suffocating heat I could not help wishing that I was one of the pieces of ice that were destined simply to cool his drinks.

Descriptions are given everywhere of what a house-boat is like, and I should say that in another year the house-boat life will be a feature of the Parisian's summer season, and a keen competitor with the very questionable pleasure of resting for three months in a seaport town, which is only "a fashionable watering-place" through a very judicious use of the bill-sticker's art.

Two or three years ago I hesitated as to where to take my holidays, and I let the most seducing poster decide the case. Newhaven looked wondrously beautiful in red, yellow, and blue, with lovely ladies basking, and Seaford was a symphony of mountain and sea, with gorgeous mansions. I dismissed these two places because I had been there, and I decided to take my friend (who had relied on my judgment childishly) to Tréport, because the posters showed me a perfect paradise.

We arrived fairly early in the morning at a dismal station, and put our baggage down in front of us and chatted lazily. The officials seemed to take a friendly interest in us. I got tired of this patronage, and went to the *chef de gare* and asked him when the train left for Tréport. He said, "You are in Tréport now." I went out to try and find it, but I could not. There was an English coal boat unloading in a harbour, left dry and muddy by the outgoing tide, there was an hotel that announced, "Here we spoke English," and though we hung about all day, and tried to believe that we were happy, all I saw was a dissipated-looking hut, called a Casino, and against my better nature I used harsh language when the street hawkers tried to palm off shells and mugs as souvenirs of our visit. Yet on the posters this place literally melted under a wrapper of green, blue, red, gold, pink, and so forth and so on.

I have wandered slightly away from that house-boat which I hope will, in the future, give us an alternative as to how to take our holidays amid beautiful scenery and calculated and artistic idling. But if the French have only just seized on our house-boat, they have at least led us by years in the idea of a floating restaurant. I know you can eat on Thames steam-boats, and that the smell of the engines is provided gratuitously by the company, but when is the Londoner to have the chance of a dinner on deck, with ever-changing scenery with every *plat*?

CORBEILLE.

## THE JULY SALES AT NEWMARKET.

THE Bloodstock Sales, at Newmarket July Meeting, opened in terribly dull fashion, there being very few buyers round the sale-ring when proceedings began, about an hour late, on Monday, and a marked absence of the foreign element. The late Mr. Fulton's horses in training and brood mares were the principal feature of the first day, and of these latter, Comedy, by Ben Battle—The White Witch, the sensational Cambridgeshire winner of 1891, went to J. Lewis, who trained her when she won that race, for 1,150 guineas. Chrystabelle, by Kendal—Chrysalis, by Lecturer, her dam Winged Bee, by Artillery, fetched 1,450 guineas (her six year old own brother, Sir Michael, had previously made 1,400 guineas), and then her sister, Laodamia, the most beautiful, and perhaps the best mare in England, was bought for the Prince of Wales at 3,500 guineas, and goes to the Royal Stud at Sandringham. Should she turn out to be a regular breeder, she will some day be worth at least four times this amount. The whole of this lot would probably have fetched higher prices had there been more buyers present. Mr. J. E. Platt sold two good mares, Adornment, by Beau Brummel—Rhoda, with a colt foal by Ladas; and Maid Marian, by Hampton—Quiver, for 1,000 guineas and 620 guineas respectively, their buyers being Prince Louis Esterhazy and Lord Crewe, and Mr. Platt must indeed have some wonders at home if he drafts such mares as these.

Mr. L. Brassey bought Billow, by Ocean Wave—Queen Frederica, for 960 guineas, and her filly foal, by Despair, for 200 guineas; and Hironde, by Adventurer—Lady Langden (Hampton's and Sir Bevy's dam), was very cheap at 1000 guineas to Mr. Larnach; whilst Mr. Gubbins must have been pleased to get Annette, by Mayboy—Morganette (Galtee More's dam), for 200 guineas. The beautifully bred stallion, Juggler, by Touchet—Enchantress, by Scottish Chief, her dam Lady Love, by Blair Athol, one of the speediest horses of his day, and who sires rare good-looking stock, most of whom can gallop, went, at less than half his value, to Dr. Freeman, for 1,550 guineas, and will take the place of Retreat at the Heather Stud; but Timothy, by Hermit—Lady Masham, fetched his value, when he was knocked down for 1,000 guineas.

On Tuesday, Lord Cadogan bought Mr. E. A. Wolfe's good-looking chestnut son of Ocean Wave and Amalgam at 660



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WAITING THEIR TURN.

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guineas; and Lord Decies gave 500 guineas for a chestnut colt by Orvieto—Mutina, from the same stud. It was a surprise that the Heather Stud yearlings did not fetch better prices, as they were a really good lot, the young Pepper and Salts being especially promising. In spite of this, however, the two highest prices reached were 510 guineas, which Tom Castle gave for a very racing-like colt by Hampton—Shadow; and 300 guineas, which Sam Darling bid for a beautiful filly by Common—Corby Witch. These two would probably have fetched three times these prices at Doncaster.

Wednesday's sales were, as usual, somewhat better than those of the two preceding days, though nothing wonderful. Of Mr. Richard Botterill's lot of ten yearlings, two only found purchasers, the brother to Queen of the Plains fetching 350 guineas, and the sister to Ella Tweed going very cheap indeed, for 500 guineas. The Bonehill yearlings sold being by Southcourt Stud sires, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild not unnaturally bought two of them, a smart bay filly by Lactantius—Cheerful, for 155 guineas, and a good-looking bay colt by Bumptious—Aurora, for 200 guineas. A really good yearling by Bona Vista—Merry Bell, by Charibert, a chestnut colt, all over like racing, went for half his value to Mr. C. D. Rose, at 750 guineas; and of the Park Paddocks Stud yearlings, among which were several very good-looking young jugglers, Captain Greer secured a bargain in a sweet chestnut filly, by that promising sire out of Sweet Sauce, by Blair Athol, at 210 guineas. The Blankney yearlings did not excite much competition, but Lord Londonderry's lot set men nodding in somewhat brisker style. Captain Machell, bidding quite in his old form, gave 2,000 guineas for the St. Simon colt—Daisy Chain, by Springfield, a very good yearling indeed; and St. Bernard II., a brown colt by Friar's Balsam—St. Bees, by St. Simon, looked like being a cheap purchase to Tom Castle for 910 guineas.

The evening sales were not a bit more lively than those of the morning had been. The highest price was 1,350 guineas, given by Mr. W. M. G. Singer for the very good-looking bay colt by Sir Hugo—Ice, by Dutch Skater. Another Sir Hugo fetched the second highest price of the afternoon, when W.



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LEAVING THE RING.

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Jarvis gave 800 guineas for the colt out of Whitelock, by Wenlock. Sir William Ingram got a very nice Despair filly, for 350 guineas, that is sure to win races, and the handsome brown colt by Martagon—Primavera, by Springfield, should be cheap enough to Sir S. Scott at 620 guineas. Mr. J. A. Miller, however, got a bargain in the chestnut daughter of Gallinule and Fair Haven for 510 guineas; and the best of Sir Robert Affleck's lot went to Mr. L. Neumann for 610 guineas.

Prices ruled very low on Thursday till Mr. Russell Swanwick's yearlings came into the ring. The first of these was a really good chestnut colt, Lorme, by Orme—who gets beautiful stock—out of Lotus, by Doncaster, her dam Lady Alice Hawthorn, by Newminster. This colt went very cheap indeed

to Captain Machell, at 1,100 guineas; and then a good filly, Fairy Gold, by Bend Or—Dame Masham, made 1,150 guineas. Mr. D. Cooper sold two youngsters by Sheen, and two by Donovan, of which a good bay colt by the Hampton sire, out of Footlight, made 1,400 guineas. A very racing-like filly, by Orme—Patroness, went to Mr. Broderick Cloete, for 550 guineas. Sir James Miller took a fancy to the chestnut colt by Crafton—Hampton Agnes, for whom he gave 1,100 guineas; and for a brown filly by St. Simon—Hampton Rose, Mr. Simons Harrison got 1,350 guineas.

Despite these high-priced lots, the sales must be described as very unsatisfactory, especially as an unusually large proportion of the lots offered were sent back unsold.

## STOCKBRIDGE.

IF the racing at Stockbridge was not of great importance, it was none the less pleasant on that account, more especially the three days that were passed on the breezy Danebury downs. The little old-fashioned town of Stockbridge takes some getting to, but when reached it has a charm that is all its own, whilst the quietude and repose of its picturesque racecourse is always refreshing, after the crowded turmoil of metropolitan meetings. On the first day, which was, as usual, given up to the Bibury Club, we saw this year's Derby form once more discounted. This was in the Bibury Stakes, of a mile and a-half, for which the Prince of Wales's Oakdene was naturally made an odds on favourite, on the strength of his forward running in the Epsom race. No excuse could be made for him this time that his jockey could not get him out, as he was ridden by Mr. Lushington, and yet he was unable to beat either old Lowmoor, who was bought by the Duke of Westminster from Mr. Lowther, simply to lead

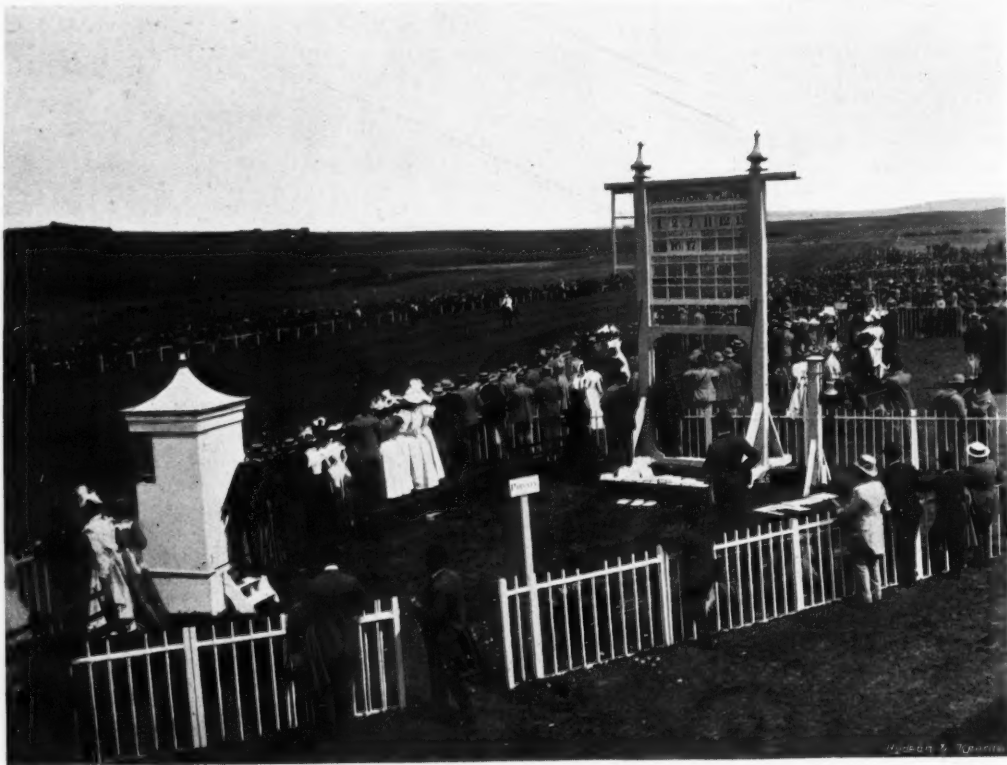


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VIEW DOWN THE COURSE.

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ACROSS THE PADDOCK.

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work, or Lahore, who was unable to win a soldiers' steeplechase at Sandown Park last March. Certainly every day shows us more and more what a wretched lot they were that finished behind Velasquez in this year's Derby.

Another hot favourite went down when the Derby third, History, finished behind Silver Fox and St. Issey in the Hampshire Stakes. The son of Satiety and Silver Sea began the season by running a dead heat with Prime Minister—to whom he was giving 13lb.—for the Dee Stakes, at Chester, after which he was fancied to have a good outside chance for the Derby, and was well backed for a place. He is of the uncertain sort, however, and he ran badly, finishing a long way behind History; in spite of which he now came out and beat Sir S. Scott's horse by ten lengths, the very moderate St. Issey splitting the pair. This was a terrible upset of previous form, and one more proof that it is never safe to trust horses that have to run in blinkers. There is no doubt that the curse of the modern thorough-

bred is his currishness. A great fuss is made about roaring, which is certainly not hereditary, and does not always prevent those afflicted with it making great racehorses, as witness Prince Charlie and Ormonde, whereas nothing is so hereditary as temper, and the cowardice with which half the horses of the present day are more or less tainted is a certain bar to success on the turf.

The field for the Champagne Stakes, for two year olds, the principal race of the Bibury Club day, included the Prince of Wales's Little Dorrit, who, since her unsuccessful *début* in the Exning Plate, at Newmarket, in May, has won the Kempton Park Two Year Old Plate, and the John o'Gaunt Plate, at Manchester, and she was well backed here at 2 to 1. Captain Greer's Deepdene, the winner of the Royal Plate for two year olds, at Windsor, was made favourite, but neither of these had anything to do with the finish, which was confined to the Danebury *débutante*, Hands Off, and Bianca, who had run nowhere behind Dony and St. Ia in the Fulbourne Stakes, at Newmarket, the week before. Deepdene lost a lot of ground at the start, and Little Dorrit tiring under her weight, Bianca looked like getting home till Tom Cannon's filly came with a wet sail from the distance, and won in the last stride by a head. The winner is by Martley (by Doncaster), out of The Martyr (by Rosicrucian—Inquisition, by St. Albans), so that, like most of this season's winners, she is inbred to Stockwell, but it is doubtful if the form of anything that ran is very grand.



Photo, by W. A. Rouch.

## THE STANDS.

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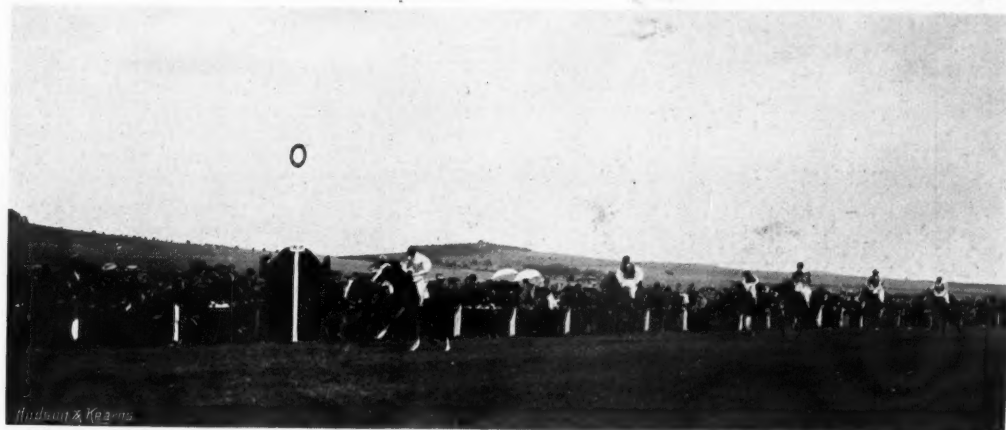
On the following day we had the Stockbridge Cup, an all-aged race over the T.Y.C., which has in past years been won by some very speedy horses. On this occasion it only brought out two runners, the five year old Kilcock, probably the fastest horse in training, and the two year old Countess Schomberg, sister to that good all-round performer, Count Schomberg. This filly is now the property of Mrs. Arthur Yates, and is of course trained at Bishop Sutton, where the late Colonel Lloyd was very fond of sending his horses. It was her first appearance in public, and although she was unable to upset the odds of 50 to 1 laid on Kilcock, she is sure to win races some day or other, though, like most of the Irish-bred ones, she may take some time to come to her best.

On the same day Sulks won the Scurry Welter Handicap, which made her third consecutive victory since, starting at 10 to 1, she took the Windsor Castle Selling Handicap at Kempton Park last month, and was subsequently bought in for 400 guineas.

Since Chon Kina beat Die-lytra and Nun Nicer at Kempton he has won at Alexandra Park, and on the second day at Stockbridge he further added to his score by carrying 9st. 4lb. to victory for the Stockbridge Foal Stakes. He is a nice handy sort of colt, and although not in the first class, will always be useful in similar company to that which he met in the race in question.

On the last day there was an interesting race for the Hurstbourne Stakes for two year olds. An own sister to Galtee More, named Sugar Loaf, was making her *début* here, and naturally started favourite. She is a good-looking filly, but ran very green, and could only finish third, but she will probably improve upon this form later on, though she is hardly likely ever to be in the same class as her illustrious brother. Petty France, a 5,100 guineas *débutante*, by St. Simon, out of Dart, by Thunderbolt, was second favourite, but although she finished in front of Sugar Loaf, she could not beat Blare, who defeated her, after a pretty race, by a head.

Blare, the property of Sir W. Throckmorton, who is also her breeder, is one of the young Heralds, being by that old favourite of the late Edwin Weever, of Bourton, from a mare called Chantress.



Photo, by W. A. Rouch.

## SWITCH WINS!

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## FREE WITH HIS HEELS.

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## THE COMING GOODWOOD WEEK.

THE racing season is usually counted as being half over by the time that the Goodwood meeting comes round. Next week will see the annual pilgrimage to the neighbourhood of the Duke of Richmond's beautiful park in

### STOCKBRIDGE.



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PEDANT GOING OUT.

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THE ANDOVER STAKES.

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RETURNING TO SCALE

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Sussex, where the upper ten who are the upper ten, and the next five-and-twenty thousand—the fringe—will, more or less, foregather at the last great Society function of the season.

For some reason or other, recent racing has been tame.

Probably this has been owing somewhat to the inevitable reaction after the gay and giddy whirl of the Jubilee festivities. But whatever the cause, the fact remains. Writing necessarily some days before the meeting, at a time when it is not possible to ascertain what horses will, or will not, take part in the various contests, it is as well to avoid discussion on the several handicaps, these being treated of in another column, confining these remarks to a brief review of the weight for age races.

The old-established Ham Stakes may number a representative of the Duke of Westminster among the starters in Ameer, the bay son of Orme and Quetta, with whose merits at one time rumour was especially busy. It is a race to which, in bygone times, a former owner of the colours yellow and black was exceedingly partial, and many a two year old belonging to Mr. James Merry has carried off the event.

In contrast to the Ham, the new to the old style, is the Richmond Stakes, which has an entry more than ten times as large as the first-named stake. The best known of the public performers engaged are Florismart, Orzil, Lady Heron, Florio Rubattino, and Cyllene.

The Sussex Stakes for three year olds has no Galtee More among the seventy odd nominations. The class of those entered is more than ordinarily moderate in this most moderate year for three year olds, so that really it is very difficult to suggest what is likely to be prominent at the finish. Probably some maiden will get home, assisted thereto by the allowances, for there does not seem a penalised horse of any class in the race, and when that is the case the maiden allowance more often than not turns the scale. If Rust was ever within measurable distance of the horse rumour asserted him to be, he might very well prove to be the maiden colt in question capable of holding the rest of the opposition in check.

Sir James Miller has a very high-bred colt by a Derby winner out of an Oaks winner, by Galopin—Thebais, and though so far—speaking from memory, and without opportunity of reference at hand—Mr. W. S. Crawford's gallant old mare has never yet thrown a good colt, it is not improbable that her two year old may remove that reproach from her before the season is over. The colt has no less than five engagements at the meeting—The Richmond, Lavant, The Prince of Wales's, The Rous Memorial, and the Findon Stakes.

The Prince of Wales's Stakes, with sixteen subscribers of 200 sovs. each, play or pay, is the most valuable weight for age race at the meeting. There is a long list of dark colts and fillies who can oppose the undefeated Champs de Mars, though Mr. Douglas Baird's colt will doubtless frighten most of them away.

The three later two year old events of the week are hardly worth discussing, seeing that they must depend to a great extent upon the result of the first two days' racing, the same horses being entered over again in a great number of instances.

The Goodwood Cup would of course be won by Persimmon if he came to the post, but in his probable absence it appears to lie between Count Schomberg and St. Bris, unless the greatly improved Spook should prove equal to upsetting them. Clorane is understood to be more or less under suspicion as to his legs, so that it is unlikely that his owner will risk running him on the hard ground, and Green Lawn is hardly likely to be brought out to contest a race over this distance.

Taken all round the prospects of a successful meeting are decidedly good, and it is more than probable that the tameness in recent racing

previously alluded to may give place to keenly interesting struggles on the historical racecourse beneath the slopes of the Duke of Richmond's picturesquely situated south country home.

Perhaps it may be as well, after all, to say a few words as to the Stewards' Cup, for which already some twenty candidates have found quotations in the betting on the race. Richard Marsh has sent out three of the last six winners of this event. This year he has the charge of several horses engaged. Ugly is the heaviest weighted of the lot, and though he doubtless

would be more formidable were the course to be covered a furlong shorter than it is, he cannot be said to be out of it. Minstrel, with 8st., is heavily weighted for a three year old, and will probably give place to his stable companion Kilkerran, who, with 7st. 5lb., is quite one of the picks of the handicap. Titare, Acunha, and Shama are of the same age as Kilkerran, and of this trio Acunha, perhaps, has the best real chance. Some shrewd judges fancy Count Schomberg, and such as Royal Flush, Sirdar, Lady Susan, Norah, Sandys, and Americus are sure to have plenty of supporters on the day if seen at the post.

## THE ECLIPSE STAKES AT SANDOWN PARK.

THE tenth renewal of the Eclipse Stakes, at Sandown Park, was run on Friday last, and, in accordance with almost universal anticipation, was won by the Derby winner of 1896.

The weather was real midsummer of the very best description, although possibly a trifle too hot for most people. The crowd was something wonderful, even for an Eclipse Stakes day. Nevertheless it cannot be said that the big race of the day was as interesting as usual. Velasquez was going to throw down the gauntlet to Persimmon, it was true, but their respective prices of 100 to 8 against, and 100 to 12 on, showed fairly accurately what the public thought of their respective chances, while the other three, Beato, Bradwardine, and Bay Ronald, could have no possible chance, bar accidents. Velasquez's one chance was that Persimmon might not be quite at his best, and that in a false run race, Lord Rosebery's three



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THE ESHER PADDOCK.

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THE FAVOURITE COMING OUT.

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THE CANTER PAST THE STANDS.

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year old might beat last year's Derby winner for speed. The Prince's horse has only lately gone through an Ascot Cup preparation, so that it is certain he must have, for the time being, lost a lot of his dash and speed, for, as a rule, winning an Ascot Cup takes all the steel out of a horse for the rest of that season.

It was a work of no small difficulty to see the five competitors in the densely crowded paddock. Bradwardine, though a fine big-boned specimen of the English thoroughbred, has no pretensions to rank in the same class with such as Persimmon and Velasquez. The handsome Bay Ronald looked clean and bloodlike, as he always does, and it was a difficult thing to make up one's mind which of these two would fill the third place. The favourite was not the Persimmon seen out at Ascot. He looked well in himself, but there are very few horses in training that could be at their best for a two and a-half mile race in June, and for one run over a mile and a-quarter in July. But Persimmon is full of stout blood on his dam's side, his maternal grandsire is grand old Hampton, and his grandam on the same side combines Melbourne and Stockwell, whilst St. Simon's dam, St. Angela, is by the stoutly-bred King

Tom. He had proved his stoutness and courage in last year's Derby, but it was a big question he was asked on Friday, and none but a really good, honest-hearted horse would have answered it as he did.

As the five competitors cantered past the stand nothing was so much liked as Velasquez, who went with all his usual fire and dash, unless, perhaps, it was Bradwardine, whose smooth level action is very taking to look at, and very useful, too, when he is running in his own class. The way in which I should have told my jockey to ride Velasquez, if he had belonged to me, would have been to make a half-mile race of it to the turn, then take a long pull, and try to win for speed in the last half-mile. This is probably what Wood meant to do, judging from his anxiety to get off, though when the flag fell he was one of the last, and had, perforce, to wait behind, in company with Persimmon.

Beato and Bradwardine, on the contrary, got off in front, and made the pace a rare cracker to the turn. Round this Wood took a good pull at Velasquez, and as they came into the straight Beato dropped away beaten, and Bradwardine was left striding away in front. This was the crucial point.

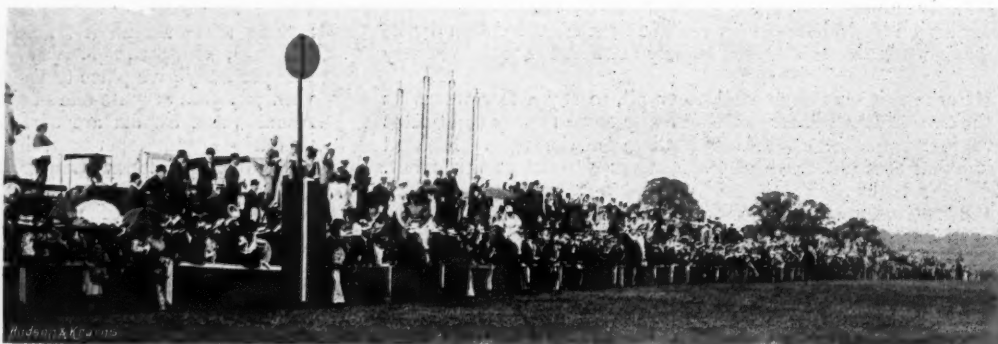


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### THE FINISH.

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What would Watts do? Would he make the best of his way home, and give Velasquez no quarter, or would he wait and let Wood nurse his horse a little longer, and perhaps beat him for speed? He soon showed us, and from the moment he went to the front I knew that Velasquez's fate was sealed. The son of Donovan, beautifully saved and steadied for his one dash, got to his rival's quarters, it is true, and made the son of St. Simon do his very best for a few strides, but that was all. Persimmon is a real stayer, and an honest horse into the bargain, so that he soon shook off the speedy son of Donovan, and forging resolutely ahead, passed the post a somewhat easy winner by two lengths.

OUTPOST.

## HENLEY REGATTA.

THE Royal Regatta of 1897 well deserves to figure in the annals of boat-racing as the "record year," from the good times accomplished in nearly every event, scullers, fours, and eights all conspiring to remove the figures established by previous performers over the 1 mile 550 yards of the Henley course. True, the conditions throughout were most favourable for successful attacks upon previous "bests," but perfect weather has been experienced also in other years. It says much for the 1897 competitors that, although not generally considered above the average, they should have done so well. Probably the chief factor in the accomplishment of these fast times was that so many crews were very evenly matched, a race often, therefore, affording an obstinate tussle right to the winning-post, instead of a comparatively easy victory for some crew of giants.

The year was notable, too, for an alteration in the course,

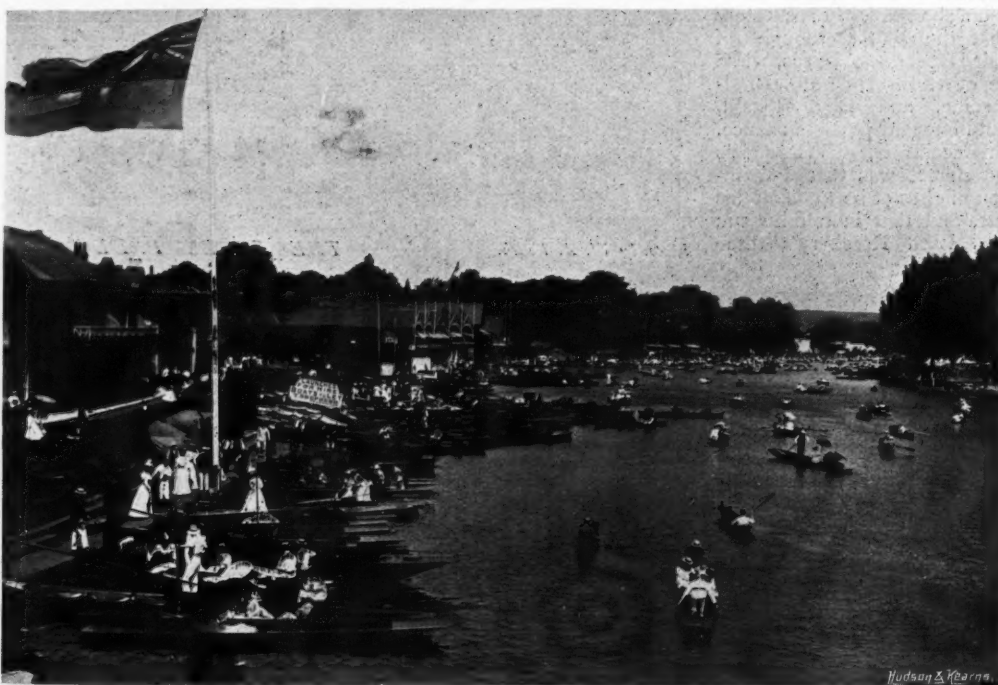


Photo. by W. A. Rouch.

### VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE.

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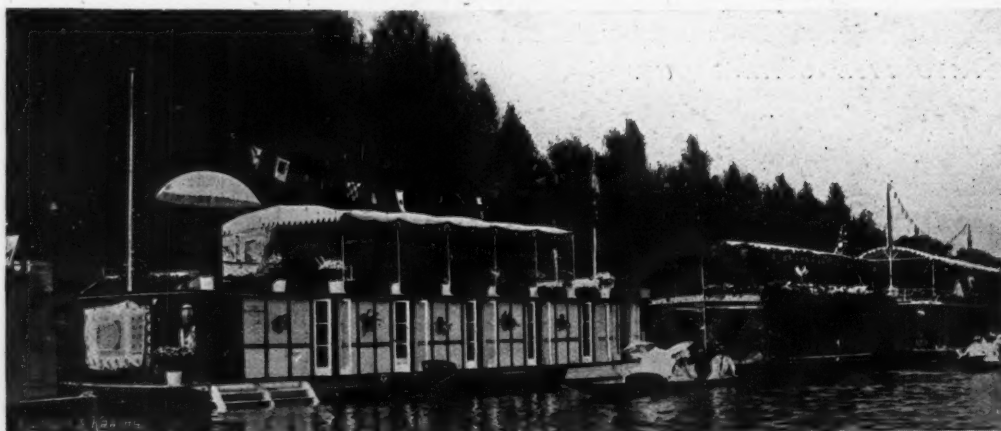


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### HOUSE-BOATS; HAPPY THOUGHT

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which, while giving more space for the movement of small boats on the Bucks side, did not affect the stations, as none of the conditions prevailed under which the alteration would have been noticed as a change for the better. The wind, when it blew at all, chiefly on the first day, was not off the Bucks station, and mostly favoured the crews and made for fast times. The foreign interest in the regatta was again a notable feature, and the meeting will always be remembered as affording some of the most exciting races of the time.

Certain of the events, indeed, must become historic. The ordinary boat-race leaves,

perhaps, little permanent impression, but nobody at all interested in rowing, and who saw the struggle in the final heat of the Grand Challenge Cup, will ever forget it. It was the sort of contest which might inspire a poet (who had mastered the technicalities of best-boat racing) to a work which should be a boon to the drawing-room reciter for years, and one of which the younger generation will cherish the memory when they attain that veteran stage which entitles them to indulge in reminiscences. There will be great satisfaction to the young oarsmen of to-day, when in future consulted as to their opinion of a certain race, to say, "Yes, my boy, a good finish, but nothing to the final of the Grand in 1897, when New beat Leander by two feet on the post." Then will the veteran talk of his past doings, while the fire of enthusiasm kindles in his eye, and his hands twitch as if to grasp an oar again in this noble struggle. He will relate how Leander passed the Isthmian seemingly all over a winning crew, how New crept up inch by inch, and every man backed up Whitworth grandly in his magnificent final spurt, and how Gold, of Leander, stuck gamely to his work, but was

beaten in the very last stroke. And yet it can safely be predicted that, ably as he may tell the story of the race, and eloquent as from long continued practice in the delivery of his discourse he doubtless will be, he will fail to convey the full measure of the exciting struggle, for the simple reason that no words can adequately describe it. It was indeed a great and stirring race, and the finish supremely exciting, of course with an element of luck, as a two feet win generally means that the crew gets home whose turn it is to take a stroke just on the post. The enthusiasm over New's victory was great, but when the number "2" was first hoisted it was hardly credited by those who saw Leander's lead. The return of the Hibernia, however, with the announcement, "New—2ft.—6min. 51sec.—equals record," was cheered to the echo. The time was equal to that made by the powerful 1891 Leander crew, which was stroked by C. W. Kent, in the first of his series of four consecutive Grand Challenge wins.

Of the other Grand crews Utrecht University were of little use against Leander, whom they met on the second day, while Thames were poor. Trinity Hall and London were decidedly good, and their meeting on the first day furnished a capital race, London's fine spurring towards the finish being the chief feature. One or two men were a little "crocky" near the end, or London would very possibly have won on the post, Little stroking them splendidly. When New and Trinity Hall, heads of the Isis and Cam, met on the second day there was much University enthusiasm displayed, and New only winning by half a length proved Trinity Hall to be by no means a bad crew.

The Canadian four were not favoured in practice, but in actual racing in the Stewards' showed plenty of "grit." They won their heat against Utrecht after much bad steering, and New College had to accomplish the record time of 7min. 33sec. to defeat them. The final of the Stewards', between New and Leander, coming after the win of the former in the Grand,



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THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH.

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IBIS.

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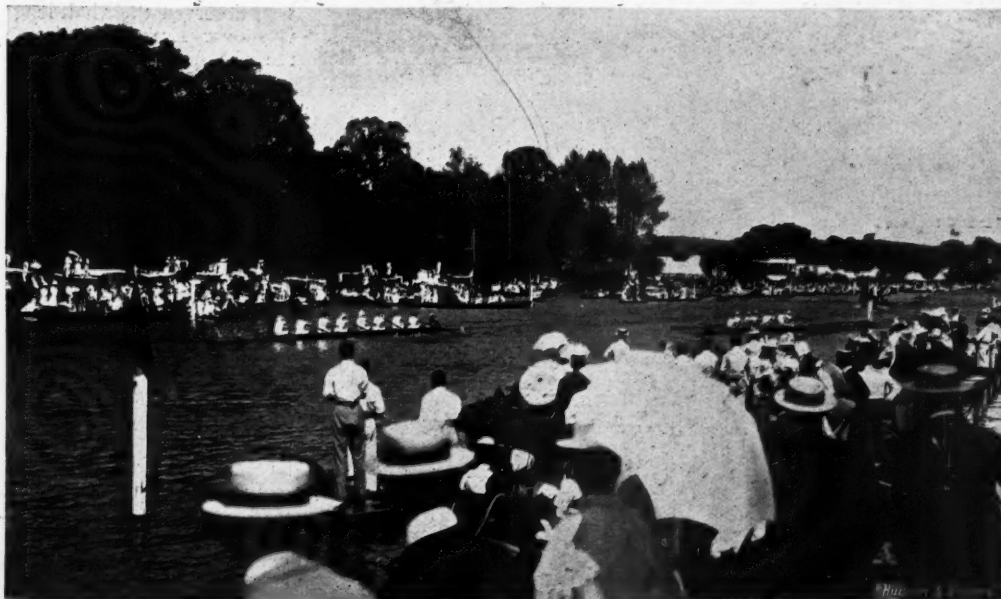


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A GOOD RACE.

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was decidedly exciting. This time Leander, stroked by Guy Nickalls, had their turn, and won by two lengths, after a fine race. Both crews were rowed out, and drifted over the line.

The Goblets proved the most unsatisfactory event of the meeting. E. R. Balfour and Guy Nickalls finishing alone both in their heat and final, the opponents of the Leander men seeming to possess a marked fancy for running down piles.

E. H. Ten Eyck, the American sculler, has won the Diamonds unfortunately, but it cannot be said that his critics have only growled after the event, for very strong opinions as to his entry were given from its first receipt. The Henley stewards were, I venture to think, wrong in the first place, but right in allowing the man to scull when he had come over, but there will probably be searching investigations regarding future Diamond entries. Ten Eyck was decidedly a dark horse. His form was kept very quiet. He rowed an early trial in quite professional style, and was not favoured until his first race. Then it was seen, as it proved throughout, that he was one of the finest scullers seen in



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A HEAT OF THE DIAMONDS.

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England for years. He was right above any of the other competitors, and probably only Guy Nickalls at his best, or the Hon. R. Guinness in his last season's form, of recent Diamond winners, could have been anywhere near him. Ten Eyck's true place seems, however, with the professionals, and it would be a matter for surprise if he did not leave the amateur ranks before very long. Of the other scullers, Blackstaffe showed much

improvement, but Beaumont was scarcely up to last year's form. Everitt also sculled well, particularly on the first day, but Philips seemed a rather over-ated man. Blussé, the Dutchman, beat the veteran Fairbairn, but was taken ill in his next heat. Dr. McDowell sculled a fine race in the semi-final with Blackstaffe, and the latter had to beat record to defeat him. McDowell has improved greatly since last season.

Of the other events, the Thames and Wyfold Cups fell to Kingston, who had crews above the average for these races. The eight was particularly smart, and should work into Grand form by next season. The Delft students in the Thames Cup only had the satisfaction of beating Thames, but were easily defeated by the ultimate winners.

An Eton success in the Ladies' Plate is always popular, and the "best of schools" well deserved their half length win over Emmanuel, in the record time of 7min. 1sec.

The Visitors' was not a very exciting event, the final being a hollow win for Trinity College, Oxford, over Jesus College, Cambridge.

The course was well kept on the whole, and the Conservancy officers did not have too much difficulty in clearing the way. Mr. Pitman and Colonel Willan shared the umpiring duties, and one launch, the Hibernia, did most of the work. There were no difficulties, international or otherwise, to be adjudicated upon, in spite of occasional bad steering by coxswainless crews, and the whole regatta was carried through with the complete success which was necessary, considering the perfect climatic conditions which prevailed throughout the three days of the meeting. C. E. T.



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THE WINNER OF THE DIAMONDS.

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THE UMPIRE'S LAUNCH.

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# Notes from my Diary

by Mlle. Sans-Gêne.

**W**EDNESDAY: I believe I have indigested my bargains—some terrible tragedy has befallen me, I know. I am ill, and regarded with special interest by my mother, who insisted on calling in the doctor to reveal to me the unpleasing fact that I am slightly feverish, to accentuate the distressing consciousness that I have of a sore throat, and to urge that I remain in bed. I was not prepared for such an emergency, and my nightgowns are of the simplest. There is no satisfaction in not being well if you have not supplied yourself with garments to meet the position becomingly. I cannot have anything very serious the matter with me, I am sure, because this morning when Essie came in to see me I noted every detail of her costume, though I seriously believe if I were half delirious and the other half unconscious there is not a yard of chiffon or an inch of lace on the frocks of any of my visitors which would escape my observation. Essie wore pink linen, with an insertion of Maltese lace round the front and up the sides of the skirt, a bodice made of a little bolero of lace, and a hat of pink straw of the sailor shape, draped with white net spotted in black chenille, with a bunch of white plumes waving at one side.

She was very full of the joys of Henley Regatta, and had been staying in the house with one of the crews; had picked up all the appropriate jargon, talked quite glibly about "form," the number of "strokes," "backs," "judgment," and little things like that. And then she told me that the best dressed punt on the water was the Urbs, containing three girls and two boys, all wearing white linen and checked shirts of powder blue and white, black neckties, white linen collars, and sailor hats with black ribbon round them. This sounds too simple to be altogether fascinating, but Essie says that they were the ideal lot, and I am bound to believe her. The house-boats must have looked delightful, although lacking originality, pale green draperies with pink geraniums sharing popular favour with scarlet geraniums, white daisies, and blue lobelia, with scarlet awnings.

I wonder some enterprising persons did not decorate their house-boat after the fashion of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts'



GREEN TOQUE TRIMMED WITH NET AND BLACK OATS.

PANAMA HAT TRIMMED WITH TULLE AND WHITE FEATHERS.

house during the Jubilee. This would have looked lovely on the water—the fanciful cretonne with the plain frames to the windows.

I am rejoicing my soul with cachets of quinine, and my mother feeds me every hour. What more can any invalid require?

FRIDAY: I continue to lie in bed with nothing the matter with me, except a general sense of weariness and a daily visit from the doctor. My room is full of the most beautiful roses and lilies brought by kindly friends, and now I feed every half-hour during the day, and am urged by my relations not to fatigue myself by writing in my diary. I cannot understand it being fatiguing to write about myself. If unkind fates should force me to write the journal of somebody else it might prove a weariness to the flesh, but a true and exact account of how I look in pink batiste with a lace striped fichu is no severe effort. To-morrow I am going out. The family physician, having decided that I am of an idle temperament and likely to prolong my period of inactivity, has insisted that I be taken up and dressed, placed in a bath-chair, and conducted round the park. With recollections of the forbidding aspect of the bath-chairs and their pullers proceeding at a funereal pace along the front of the parade at St. Leonards and other seaside watering-places, I rather dread the ordeal.

Two girls came to sit with me to-day to cheer me up by conversation about the clothes they were preparing for the seaside. One of them is going abroad; and realising the immense importance of clothes for the evening, and being somewhat short of money, has only supplied herself with chiffon blouses, which she proposes to wear with the skirts of her old ball gowns, and to crown with toques made of different coloured chiffons with a large white paradise plume at one side, which paradise plume she confided to me was to move from one toque to another, according to the millinery demanded by the costume. The idea is rather good and economical, but I think I should vary the monotony of the paradise plume with groups of different coloured flowers.

My other little friend is off to the questionable joys of an English seaside place, where they have the inconvenient habit of changing their dress three times a day, where it is considered essential that the morning be devoted to linen or to serge, the afternoon to something gay in the way of muslin and of lace, and the evening, with its dreary walk up and down to the accompaniment of a dreary band, to the dark skirt and the silk blouse. I cannot be very ill when I can think about clothes—perhaps the doctor is right, I will get up to-morrow.

SATURDAY: I have done it! I have quitted my bedroom, wearing a woebegone air and an autumn frock which was much too warm. I have been seated in a bath-chair, and, followed by an affectionate mother, I have been wheeled into the Botanic Gardens, where erstwhile in perfect health I gambolled with Randolph. Randolph was nowhere to be seen to-day, and the chair was wheeled by the water's edge, and the swans came out to stand against the rushes with a background of grey water, looking for all the world like a design for a piece of embroidery, and they were followed by ducks who inquisitively wandered to interview a variegated bed of pansies where the label-boards grew almost as thick as the flowers, and to peer curiously at a mass of shaded pink poppies which were nodding their heads to each other softly in the wind. There were some charming children running about the grounds. One little girl looked particularly delightful in a red serge coat and skirt, the coat cut in Eton style, and showing a frilled shirt front and a large sailor collar tied in the front with a bow, and made of pink and white striped lawn edged with Valenciennes lace. Her hat was of white straw with double frills of pale pink muslin coming from beneath the crown and fastening into a rosette just on the top in the front.

She was a coquettish little person carrying a stick, and evidently the only joy of her mother, who was accompanying her, wearing a frock of pale grey covert coating with a green batiste shirt and a green hat. I watched these two for quite a long time wandering up and down the little hillocks and picking daisies and gossiping to each other in the most familiar fashion, when, to my amusement, I saw they were both of them horribly frightened of the swans, and made a decided bolt from their direction as these ungainly beasts approached them with outstretched necks.

Then the sun went in, and my mother considered that I should do likewise; so I was unwrapped from my shawls, my cushions were snatched from my head, and I was conducted back to my bedroom and fed on beef-tea and brandy and white-cased cachets, and altogether treated like a heroine who had done brave deeds. The rôle of gentle invalid suits me to perfection; I shall certainly not hurry myself about my recovery.

## IN THE GARDEN.



Photo., C. Dixon, LILIAM AURATUM IN MIXED BORDER.

Kennington.

IN the mixed border shown in the above illustration, the Golden-rayed Lily of Japan (*Lilium auratum*) is flowering freely. No Lily is nobler than this priceless introduction from Japan. It may be easily grown in the greenhouse, and is always handsome when planted amongst evergreen shrubs. The true way to get the full beauty of this Lily is to plant the bulbs amongst shrubs, a plan which we happily see followed in many gardens.

### BEAUTIFUL LILIES.

As countries become more opened up, and hitherto untravelled districts are explored, the treasure house of plants gets richer. This is Lily time, and an opportunity is given, whilst the plants are in flower or about to unfold their florets, to allude to a few important kinds. Remember that it is amongst evergreen shrubs—peat-loving ones in particular—that Lilies display their fullest beauty. *L. auratum*, *L. Browni*, *L. bulbiferum*, the graceful *L. canadense*, the popular white Madonna Lily (*L. candidum*), Scarlet Martagon (*L. chalcedonicum*), the old Orange Lily (*L. croceum*), the dwarf early-flowering varieties of *L. elegans* or *Thunbergianum*, *L. longiflorum*, *L. Martagon* and its varieties, the tall Swamp Lily (*L. superbum*), *L. Parryi*, *L. pardalinum* (Panther Lily), the Tiger and Lancifolium Lilies, are the cream of the family for giving colour to the garden from early summer until autumn.

### LILIUM HENRYI

has been reserved for a distinct note. This Lily was found within the past few years by Dr. Henry, after whom it is named, near Ichang, in China, and is likely in the near future to be as popular as its relative, *L. speciosum*, also called *L. lancifolium*. The yellow-flowered *L. lancifolium* is an apt description, the flowers similar in form but distinct in colour, this being of a lovely apricot shade. Its flower stems reach a height of six feet, and in the case of very strong clumps, even more, and support a profusion of bloom. As far as the writer has seen, it is not afflicted with any special disease such as troubles our fair Madonna Lily.

### LAYERING CARNATIONS.

A very interesting and important garden operation now is Carnation layering. It does not pay to procrastinate, layers put down late seldom succeeding. The object should be to get the layers rooted before frosts occur. Select for layering the strongest shoots, those, of course, which have not flowered. Make a shallow basin round the plant, which fill with a prepared compost, such as one would use for potting Pelargoniums. Remove from the layer sufficient foliage to give a clear space for insertion in the soil, and with a sharp knife make an upward cut through a joint to form a tongue. Peg down carefully into the soil and water gently through a fine rose watering-pot.

### THE GOOSEBERRY.

Of late years the Gooseberry, at one time considered fit for a labourer's table only, has been asked for by those who can command expensive fruits. Ripe Gooseberries of well-flavoured varieties are more esteemed by many than choicer forms of dessert, but it is flavour that one seeks. Many of the "fat" Gooseberries are far from pleasant eating. The finest kinds for flavour, in the opinion of the writer, are the Red Warrington, Rosebery (a green fruit), Whinham's Industry, Crown Bob, and Early Sulphur. Gooseberries are a fairly sure crop. It must be a poor year that does not bring forth in plenty the dainty fruits. In ordinary well-dug loamy soil the trees flourish, and a very important point in their culture is to keep the bushes open in the centre, removing in the autumn, too, shoots that cross each other. Leading growths must not be interfered with.

### FLOWERS BY THE SEA.

A flower always happy by the sea is the Carnation, which the writer has seen flowering more freely and strongly than in inland gardens. The Fuchsia, too, delights apparently in a salt-laden air, even on stormy exposed coasts thriving with surprising vigour. Hydrangeas, Chrysanthemums, Sea Hollies, Escallonia, Tamarisk, and Box Thorn (*Lycium*) are all seen in splendid health where the sea-winds blow about them.

### ROSE GRACE DARLING.

When in the Royal Gardens, Kew, a few days ago I was pleased to see bold beds of this distinct and beautiful garden rose, which, for usefulness, eclipses other kinds. It is so thoroughly sturdy, sending up strong shoots early in summer, which bear many flowers, and these continue to appear until the Starworts tell us of autumn days. This kind belongs to the hybrid tea class, which has resulted from crossing hybrid perpetuals with the true tea-scented rose. The flowers in their early stage are creamy white, heavily edged with rose, this colour, however, gradually suffusing the petals. Unfortunately it soon fades when gathered, more so than any rose. It is one of the first roses to bloom, and the last to go. I well remember the raiser—Mr. Henry Bennett—who gave us such lovely kinds as Cleopatra, The Queen, Princess Beatrice, and many more.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—With a view to assist our readers in gardening as much as possible, we shall be pleased to answer any questions on flowers, fruits, vegetables, or the laying out of gardens, addressed to the Editor. An addressed stamped envelope must be enclosed for reply.